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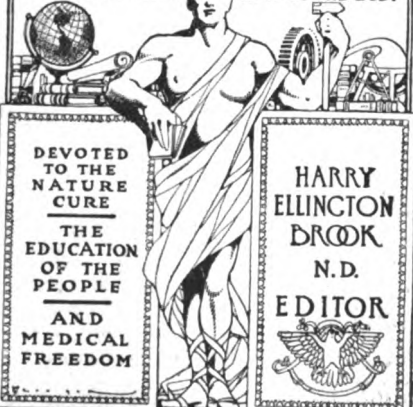
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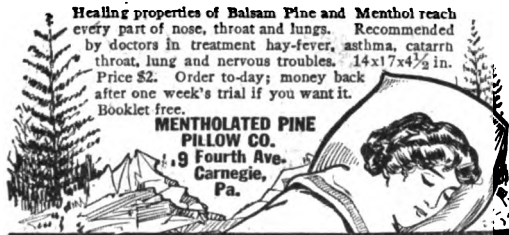
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New Series, Vol. 7

January, 1914

Number 1

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## *The Death of Grant*

*By Ambrose Bierce*

FATHER! WHOSE HARD AND CRUEL LAW  
IS PART OF THY COMPASSION'S PLAN,  
THY WORKS PRESUMPTUOUSLY WE SCAN  
FOR WHAT THE PROPHETS SAY THEY SAW.

UNBIDDEN STILL, THE AWFUL SLOPE  
WALLING US IN, WE CLIMB TO GAIN  
ASSURANCE OF THE SHINING PLAIN  
THAT FAITH HAS CERTIFIED TO HOPE.

IN VAIN: BEYOND THE CIRCLING HILL  
THE SHADOW AND THE CLOUD ABIDE;  
SUBDUE THE DOUBT, OUR SPIRITS GUIDE  
TO TRUST THE RECORD AND BE STILL;

TO TRUST IT LOYALLY AS HE  
WHO, HEEDFUL OF HIS HIGH DESIGN,  
NE'ER RAISED A SEEKING EYE TO THINE,  
BUT WROUGHT THY WILL UNCONSCIOUSLY,

DISPUTING NOT OF CHANCE OR FATE,  
NOR QUESTIONING OF CAUSE OR CREED:  
FOR ANYTHING BUT DUTY'S DEED  
TOO SIMPLY WISE, TOO HUMBLY GREAT.

THE CANNON SYLLABLED HIS NAME;  
HIS SHADOW SHIFTED O'ER THE LAND,  
PORTENTOUS, AS AT HIS COMMAND  
SUCCESSIVE CITIES SPRANG TO FLAME!

HE FRINGED THE CONTINENT WITH FIRE,  
THE RIVERS RAN IN LINES OF LIGHT!  
THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH—IF RIGHT  
OR WRONG HE CARED NOT TO INQUIRE.

HIS WAS THE HEAVY HAND, AND HIS  
THE SERVICE OF THE DESPOT BLADE;  
HIS THE SOFT ANSWER THAT ALLAYED  
WAR'S GIANT ANIMOSITIES.

LET US HAVE PEACE: OUR CLOUDED EYES  
FILL, FATHER, WITH ANOTHER LIGHT,  
THAT WE MAY SEE WITH CLEARER SIGHT  
THY SERVANT'S SOUL IN PARADISE.

—From *Stedman's Anthology*, published by  
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*Fig. 1. Ramona going through the Wild Mustard to meet Father Salviaderra. From a painting by H. C. Best.*

# OUT WEST

January

1914

HARRY CASSIE BEST



PAINTER *of the YOSEMITE VALLEY*  
and *The California Mountains*

*By the Editor*



*Fig. 3. The California Fuji-San—Mt. Shasta. Purchased for the White House by President Roosevelt. From a painting by H. C. Best.*

**U**PWARDS of three-quarters of a century ago a girl of sixteen years of age discovered in herself a wonderful delight in the combination of colors. She began to draw pictures and then to color them, as children will, totally unconscious that in thus following a natural bent she would be doing that to which anyone would object. But in those days, parents and grand-

parents, alas!—too many of them—seemed to feel it to be their “religious duty” to the growing childhood of the race to thwart and stifle all those reachings-out of the soul for the beautiful, and that the children committed to their care must shape their God-given impulses for outward expression of their native tastes and talents in conformity to the will, the tastes, or the whims they





*Fig. 2. Harry Cassie Best, Artist of the Yosemite Valley and California Mountains.*

themselves happened to possess. Accordingly, this sixteen-year-old girl was solemnly forbidden to engage in so wasteful and godless a pursuit as the placing of colors on paper, and for nearly sixty years thereafter she remained in bondage to this "whim of her elders." Then, in the art studio of her son, for five brief years, she reveled in this gift.

She never learned to know the names of colors, but had an instinctive genius in massing them. She studied the colors on the mountains, the glowing sunrises and sunsets, the high-lights and purple shadows, and then, with unerring instinct, transferred them to paper or canvas. And how she delighted in the long-deferred and cruelly thwarted ex-



Fig. 5. Cartoon made during the Boer War by H. C. Best for the San Francisco "Post."

pression. It was the daily delight of the even-song of her life.

It is not strange, therefore, that two sons of such a mother should have developed into colorists of no mean order. They were born in the little settlement of Mt. Pleasant, near Peterboro, Ontario, Canada, in the sixties. Both were musical, one playing the violin, the other the clarinet. About twenty-five years ago they organized an orchestra of six pieces, and determined to travel west to Winnipeg and finally to Portland, Oregon. For a while the six stuck together, then, one by one, three fell out of the party, so that there were only three when, in 1887, Portland was reached. Of these three two were Harry Cassie Best, the subject of this sketch, and his brother Arthur.

For a year or two Harry had been allured by the rich coloring of the flowers to attempt to paint them, but now he was to find in the mountains around Portland—those sublime and majestic peaks that lift their snow-crowned summits to companion with the immortal stars of heaven—the objects that were to awaken in him the fierce longings possessed by his mother. Their sunset and sunrise glows entranced and enthralled him. Here was something to call upon the powers of a master. Did he possess the ability to reproduce them? He was determined at least to try to the uttermost.

As is well known, these glowing colors are transient, evanescent, fleeting—here for a few moments, then gone. Mr. Best soon saw this and found it was im-

possible to transfer them to canvas while existent. Hence, he determined to memorize them, paint them from memory, and then compare them the next day. There was the pure white of the snow with a marvelous gamut of changing soft tones, from ivory to saffron, peach-glow and deepest madder-lake. Day by day, week after week, month after month for four years he worked at these sublime colorings, never able to free himself from their enchantment, himself as if in a trance all the time. He still played his violin to earn his livelihood, but music no longer was his passion. His allegiance was transferred to mountains and rocks, trees and snow, ravines and gorges, and the colors they allured from the sun. There is no doubt that these grand old snow-clad mountains, standing fourteen thousand feet and more, are the best object-lessons in color in the world. In the daytime their mantle of snow is so pure in the lights and transparent in the shadows, so definite, seemingly, yet so elusive. But when the evening tints appear with the oblique slanting shadows, the whole mountain masses suffused with luminous, entrancing rosy glow, no one can look on such scenes unmoved. (See Fig. 3.)

Thousands exclaim when this after-glow appears, "Why doesn't some artist paint that?" As you watch, you can see the difficulties. The shadow creeps up, up, until the very tip only is illuminated. The shadow covers all below with its uniform violet tone. Too soon, alas, the light leaves the mountain-top and the glow is in the sky alone, and the whole mountain is cold—the whole effect lasting, say thirty seconds. So vivid, however, are the impressions received that the spectator loses track of time. All he has is the memory of the most beautiful illumination the eye of man ever has gazed upon.

Every evening the hues of the illumination are different, according to the state of the atmosphere. Sometimes a most delicate rosy pink appears, which changes every object it touches. At other times it is a vivid madder tone; then again a definite orange tone, or the color of burnished copper. One night it is a violet, the next an ochre. Try to think of a huge mountain of snow with

great ravines and gorges which reflect the light back and forth like mirrors; but all illuminated by one dominant colored light of most delicate hue, which is broken up by cast shadows.

Every picture Mr. Best paints to this day is compared in his mind with the early vivid impressions of color that he received from those glowing mountain tints. In the Yosemite the color is very delicate, being soft and subdued tints on gray granite. The light, instead of falling on white snow, falls on gray rock, broken up by richly colored vegetation. But the theory of color is the same. Mr. Best has spent the last twelve years trying to paint sunlight by the acre on gray granite, modified by the peculiar blue or violet haze so famous in the Yosemite.

To return now to his earlier endeavors. In addition to his chosen color work he began to do sketching and now and again attempted a newspaper cartoon. These he sent to the papers in San Francisco, and each one accepted seemed to be a step nearer to the desired goal, viz., the turning of his whole attention to an artist's life.

At length a call came to go with the orchestra to Silverton, Oregon, and while there he was engaged to paint some scenery and a drop-curtain for a hall. Here he met Homer Davenport. This was his birthplace. From the outset of their acquaintance Davenport was "crazy" to do newspaper cartoons. Every moment that he could spare he would spend at Best's, and the two would mentally design cartoons, and then each go to work to sketch what they had mutually studied.

Thus began an intimate friendship with the great cartoonist that never ceased until the "Master Artist" called upon him to "come up higher," and undertake greater and more wonderful work.

As for Best, when he had saved up a few extra dollars he went down to San Francisco and took a few lessons from Rodriguez and others, and then returned to his beloved mountains and his bread-and-butter-producing orchestra.

Then all at once "fame and fortune"—so he believed—came his way. He had painted several pictures of Mt





*Fig. 4. Cartoon made by H. C. Best for the San Francisco "Post."*

Hood, and a lady, seeing one of them, purchased it for a hundred dollars. Think of it! A hundred dollars. Now surely the way was clear ahead. If one picture had sold for a hundred dollars, others would be sold at the same price, so, taking Fate by the hand, he gave up his musical work, left Portland, and hurried down with his brother to San Francisco to win more laurels and reap

the golden harvest for which he had so long striven. Then, too, some one had told him that with the power he had already gained in the production of the glorious and subtle colors of the mountains, he required but little practice with models to enable him to paint "the human form divine," with all its fleshly glow and radiant life.

Both Best and Davenport soon suc-

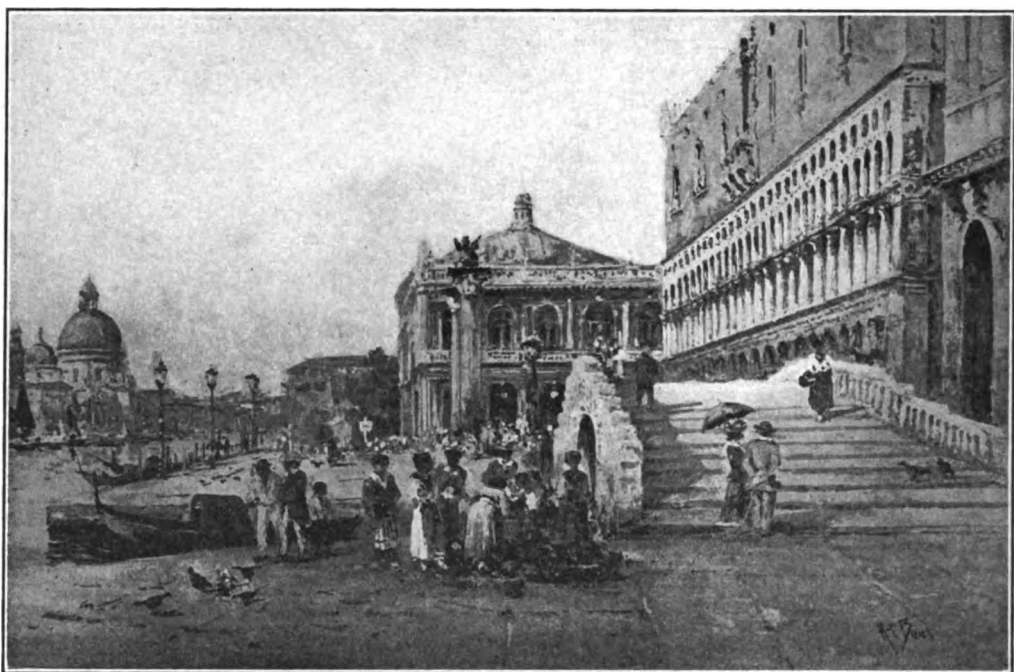


Fig. 6. *In Sunny Italy.* From a water-color by H. C. Best.

ceeded in gaining positions on San Francisco papers. The pay was small, but hope was large, art was fascinating, the future was uncertain, and therefore rosy and alluring. They, with several others of the San Francisco newspaper artists organized a kind of a sketch-club, took a joint studio, and there engaged a model, as often as they could afford it, jointly sharing the expense. This was the real beginning of the Best Art School, which Arthur W. Best now conducts, with his wife, Alice M. Best, in San Francisco.

As specimens of Mr. Best's cartoons made during this period of his life, I herewith reproduce two that were published in the *San Francisco Post*. Fig. 4 shows some passing phase of newspaper thought connecting Mr. Bryan with Tammany and its king, Richard Croker. Then it will be recalled that during the Boer War things did not always go well with the British lion. Mr. Best took this occasion to produce a cartoon that rather displeased the editor of the *Post*. He was a Britisher, and did not relish Great Britain's humbling, but, swallowing his pride, he gave the cartoon a place

on the front page of the magazine section. His feelings, however, were mightily relieved when, three months later, Mr. Best brought in Fig. 5. It will be recalled that Cronje was captured and sent to St. Helena, or some other island, as had been Napoleon. There were threats that the same thing would be done to Kruger and this threat is the subject of the cartoon. But kinder and wiser counsels prevailed, and Oom Paul suffered no further indignities and punishments than the ill-fortune of war had brought to him, his people, and the republic, whose destinies he had so long controlled. Mr. Best spent five years on the San Francisco papers. For several years he had charge of the Art Rooms of the *Evening Post*.

The "boys" of those serene and indifferent days of San Francisco's art development made a notable group. That the "City of the Golden Gate," the "Warder of Two Continents," could produce artists of genius had already been demonstrated by Tavernier, the Western Tintoretto, so-called because of his exuberance of color; Toby Rosenthal, whose florid delineations of western life

gave many thousands their first real impressions of the West; Thomas Hill, whose Yosemite were inspirational ideals, and William Keith, whose oak-clad hill-pastures, where quiet sheep graze in peaceful security, have become the desired of all great galleries. These were the men whose ideals and achievements were influencing the "boys" of Mr. Best's time. In the crowd were Nappenbach, who afterwards made a name in Munich; Jules Pages, an exhibitor in many national salons and galleries, and now the Director of the famous Julian Studio, in Paris. These were all diligent workers in that early-day San Francisco studio.

None of them had much money, but all were devoted to their art and resolved to stick to their high purpose.

Each man worked for his bread in his own field, and they met at their "club," painted so long from their models, and then spent a night or more in direct, fearless, unbiased and frank criticism of each other's work. Here was discipline that benefited all alike.

But Best saw Davenport march swiftly past him as a cartoonist, and he learned that there was no great advancement probable to him in that field.

While these thoughts were surging in his mind, Thad Welch, who had already gained fame and who had always been kind and friendly to him, came to Best with the suggestion that he join him in a trip to the Yosemite. No sooner said than done. They took camping outfit along and were soon reveling in the delights of the great but picturesque and tree-covered gorge of the High Sierras.

And how little men know of that which is ahead of them. What puppets of fate we are. Browning knew this full well when he wrote in *Pippa Passes*:

All service ranks the same with God—  
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,  
Are we: there is no last nor first.

and the reverent hymnologist expressed the same idea when he said:

I know not what awaits me;  
God kindly veils mine eyes.

In Best's case, however, had his eyes been open he would have rushed more speedily than he did to his fate. For in the Yosemite trip, Anne Rippey, of Los

Angeles, was spending the summer in the valley. It was a case of fire and dew. Both lost their identity for a time, and then, taken in hand by their artist friends, they were conveyed, *willy nilly*, to the foot of the beautiful and sublime Bridal Veil Falls, of the Yosemite—*Pohono*, as the Indians call it—and on July 28, 1901, to the divine and perfect orchestra of many-voiced pine, fir, cedar, and spruce, backed up with the sonorous and deep-toned bass of the waterfall, they were united in the bonds of holy matrimony.

The following year the happy couple returned to the Yosemite, gained a concession from the State and erected a studio, and here they have spent their summers ever since, the Best studio being one of the extra attractions of the growingly-famous Yosemite. Here Mr. Best has made many friends, and sold many of his Yosemite, Big Tree and High Sierra canvases. One of those who greatly admired his paintings was the late Professor Simon Newcomb, the eminent astronomer, of Washington, and president of America's most exclusive scientific club, "The Cosmos." Learning that Mr. and Mrs. Best, with their three-year-old daughter, Virginia, were going to Europe for a six-months' trip in 1907, Professor Newcomb insisted that they pass through Washington and hold an exhibition under his auspices in the Cosmos Club gallery.

It was a great success and Mr. Best sold eight canvases. President Roosevelt sent his Secretary, Mr. Loeb, to the club, with a request to have the pictures sent to the White House for his inspection. But Prof. Newcomb arranged to give a private exhibition for Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt at the club instead.

The President especially admired one canvas, "Evening at Mt. Shasta," very much, and impetuously said, "Send it over to the White House! That afterglow on Mt. Shasta is the grandest sight in Nature I have ever witnessed, and I never expected to see such a good reproduction of it on canvas."

When Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt arrived, little Virginia was in the room, and during a lull in the conversation went up to look at "the Roosevelt man," as, in her baby fashion, she called him. This



*Fig. 7. The Yosemite Valley from Artist's Point. From a painting by H. C. Best.*

amused the president immensely, and he took her upon his lap and began to talk with her. Virginia asked him if he had any children, and on the president's reply that he had, she said she would like to see them. Then Roosevelt sent

for a photograph of himself, Mrs. Roosevelt and the whole family, and writing the following upon it, gave it to little Virginia. "For little Miss Virginia Best, With best wishes for her future from Theodore Roosevelt, November 12,



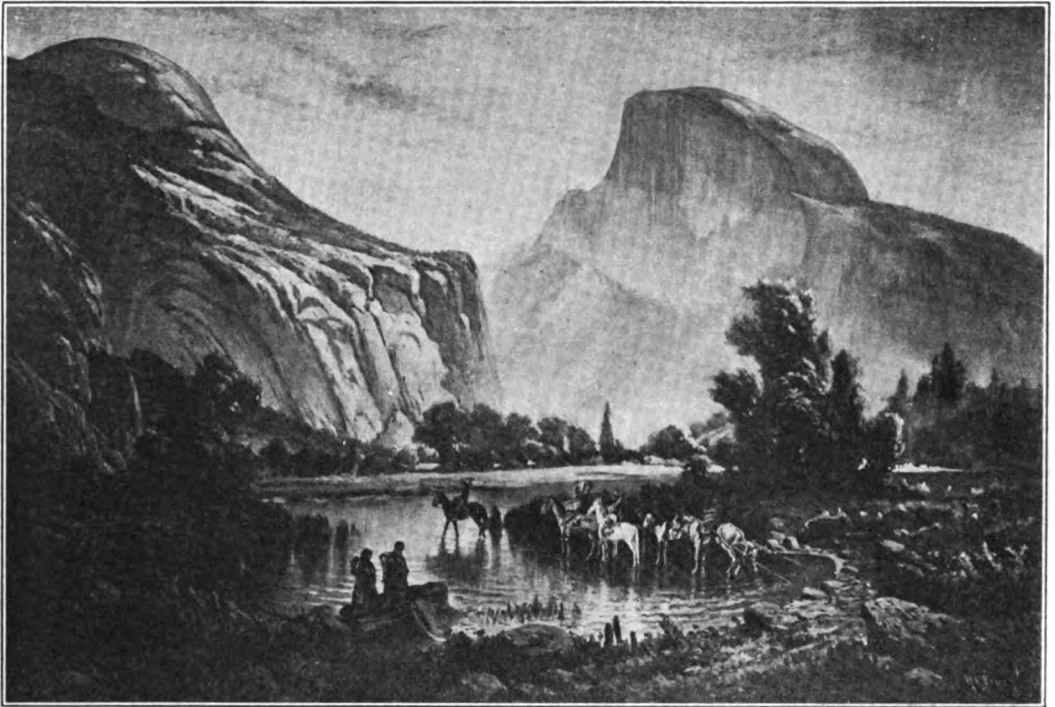


Fig. 8. *The Two Domes, Yosemite Valley.* From a painting by H. C. Best.

1907." This she has ever since treasured as a memento, though her memory of the visit itself has become rather dim.

Mr. Franklin K. Lane, then Interstate Commerce Commissioner, and who had known Mr. Best in the Yosemite, was another good friend to the artist in Washington, and secured one of his paintings—the "Half Dome at Dawn from Glacier Point."

Prof. and Mrs. Newcomb, being attracted by the afterglow on the Half Dome, chose that subject.

At the close of the Washington exhibition, Mr. Best and his family spent three months in Italy, where the artist got many sketches, including glorious color studies of Capri (see Fig. 6); Amalfi; Naples; Venice and vicinity, and they spent three months in Paris, where he studied the works of the old masters very closely, but never forgetting his early impressions of color, which are part of himself, and never will change.

Mount Shasta, morning, noon and night, in cloud and sunshine, wreathed in smiles, frowns, tears and storm, has es-

pecially appealed to Mr. Best, and some of his most notable canvases have represented this glorious sentinel of the Northern Gateway to California's flowery glades. His early love and passion for the Oregon mountains has found mature fulfilment here. One of his "Sunsets on Mount Shasta" represents the mountain monarch under the glow of the evening sky. Oranges, pinks, peach-glows, soft tints and shades of blue, purple and rose-mist enswathe the snow-clad summit. Deep and eloquent purple shadows are wrapping their secretive folds around the lower slopes. The tops of some of the trees still catch glimpses of the fading glories, while below the snow-line, and down, down, into the very foreground the soft, reflected light brings out, though in subdued and gentle effect, the rich greens of the foothills and the wide stretch of meadow, where an occasional sparkle shows the course of the rippling brooks which are hurrying the melted snow down to the far-away warmth of the all-embracing Pacific.

The Yosemite Valley attracts many





Fig. 9. "Innocence." From a painting by H. C. Best.

tourists who are people of culture and great students of nature, and who have the means to gratify their love of grand scenery. Mr. Best's work finds many admirers among this class who recognize the truthful coloring when they see it on his canvases.

A picture should be a representation of Nature seen through the temperament of the artist, and of the thousands of glorious "effects" to be seen in the Yosemite, many are fleeting and transitory, but alluring to the keen senses of the artist. The lovely haze that is peculiar to the Yosemite has been Mr. Best's constant study for twelve summers. One large painting from Artists' Point, Fig. 7, in autumn, when the grasses and foliage have been turned to a golden yellow by the sun and frost, is full of the most wonderful Siolet and gray have, permeating and enveloping every huge rock-mass with just enough of its own tone, without overpowering the local color. Cloud's-Rest, fifteen miles distant, standing six thousand feet in the air, looks to be gray granite—you feel it, but you first feel the violet grey haze hanging over it. Then your eyes are attracted by majestic El Capitan, a huge vertical rock mass three thousand feet high. You can see the myriads of facets on its huge surface, each plane glittering like the facets on a diamond, but with just the proper amount of atmosphere to keep it in its place. You go close to the picture to see how this wonderful effect is produced, and find a few simple colors painted in with masterly handling, and all done with a palette knife. This is art. To know just how much of the atmospheric color to combine with the local tone, and to produce it at once so the object will stay in its proper plane—not come too near or go too far in the distance, and all the time sparkle and glitter with radiant light—this is the triumph of the artist.

In the foreground some of the trees are touched with crimson and the golden yellows turn to the chromes. The greens have a hue of orange, which all together is a splendid opposing mass to the blues and violet-greys—tones of the distance. But the violet-grey haze comes down to the very front of the picture. Every object is in "atmosphere." The picture

as a whole is a masterpiece, and Mr. Best could well rest his reputation on it alone.

This canvas will hang in the Carnegie Gallery, at Pittsburgh, and will add to the artist's fame, as countless thousands of visitors will admire it in the future. It was purchased by Mrs. Albert Pitcairn, of Pittsburgh, who said she would donate it to the Institute in memory of her husband, who was one of the famous men of that city.

While the Yosemite absorbs all the artist's time in summer, he spends his winters on the coast in Southern California. For five years he made Santa Barbara his winter residence, and there painted some fine studies of the California oaks on the Hope Ranch, one of which is here pictured. (See Fig. 10.)

But for the past four winters he has wintered in San Diego, where he has just erected a studio and bungalow. Here a new field opened to him. His studies of the nude in the early days of his San Francisco training had led him to attempt several large pictures, such as a semi-nude that Galen Clark, the honored and beloved veteran of the Yosemite called "Innocence." (Fig. 9.)

This canvas has won Mr. Best many friends. The flesh tints are said by critics to equal those of Aste and others of the French masters of the nude. They have the warm satin texture that reminds one of Browning's description of Mildred: "While her tresses gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-misted marble." But the eyes are especially remarkable. They are of that peculiarly haunting quality in which simplicity, purity, innocence and yet perfect knowledge are combined, and they gaze directly into your eyes as if they would seek out the fullest sweetness, purity and beauty of every human soul and bring it to the surface in living, loving expression.

Soon after he reached San Diego another atmosphere seemed to surround him in that he constantly heard references to "Ramona," the striking and powerfully humane novel of Helen Hunt Jackson. Soon the "personel" of Ramona began to haunt his imagination. What was she like? How did she appear to the woman who described her so vividly? Week after week these and similar questions



Fig. 10. Oaks on the Hope Ranch, Santa Barbara. From a painting by H. C. Best.

occupied his mind until, finally, he decided to undertake an idealized picture of this world-famed character of the ever-popular novel. But where could he find the type to pose as a model? In talking the matter over with his friend, Edwin H. Clough, the author, and one of the editors of the *San Diego Union*, Mr. Best said he had seen several faces in San Diego that had approached his ideal. He wondered whether it would be possible to secure these to aid. Mr. Clough at once came to the rescue. He asked the artist to write out an advertisement stating his requirements, and the following morning this, with a lengthy article more fully explaining what was needed, was published. In this the request was made for a model, or models, of the Spanish type, who could represent Ramona at the happy period of her life, when she walks through the mustard, a care-free, buoyant, radiantly happy and beautiful girl to meet her beloved old friend, Father Salvierderra.

The results were far beyond what was anticipated, and for days and days Mr. Best's studio at the U. S. Grant Hotel was besieged with aspiring candidates for the honor of posing. The newspapers kept the flame burning, in that they sent their artists who pictured the young ladies day after day in their pages. Some of the Women's Clubs took the matter up, and they sent out their cohorts to search for those whom Nature had favored with the dower of the Spanish type of beauty. Yet it must not be purely Spanish type, for Helen Hunt Jackson had thus described her heroine: "Ramona's beauty was of the sort to be best enhanced by the waving gold which now framed her face. She had just enough of olive tint in her complexion to underlie and enrich her skin without making it swarthy. Her hair was like her Indian mother's, heavy and black, but her eyes were like her father's, steel blue. Only those who came very near to Ramona knew, however, that her eyes were blue, for the heavy black eyebrows and long lashes so shaded and shadowed them that they looked black as night."

The background of waving gold Mrs. Jackson refers to was the mustard.

In due time the artist found the models

he desired, and the painting was begun. Young ladies of Spanish and Mexican blood were found, an Indian maiden from Pola, and a score of them, and from all Mr. Best gained some suggestion, until at length the picture was complete. It shows Ramona about to step from the canvas in the impetuous movement of her greeting of the beloved padre. Her soft draperies, brushed back by the clinging mustard stalks, reveal the outlines of a figure full of the rounded curves of budding womanhood. All, however, is subordinated to the face, which, surrounded by a halo of light and golden bloom, attracts the first glance of the observer. The eyes are luminous with the depth of tenderness and character that has immortalized Ramona, and her whole face is radiant with the joy and delight she takes no pains to suppress at this glad meeting with her dear old friend. (See Fig. 1.)

Ramona is the one beautiful legend of Southern California that appeals most universally to those who know it, and in this picture Mr. Best has told his part of the story as graphically as it was told by its creator. The artist has embodied the writer's conception in a living, breathing entity that impresses the observer irresistibly with its truth. Ramona is no longer a myth or a mingling of facts and fiction. The vague idea in the mind of every reader of Mrs. Jackson's story regarding the tender, loving, devoted, half-caste girl is now presented in concrete form, and those who have viewed the picture are unanimous in praise of its accuracy to the impression incited by the heroine of the pathetic tale.

In truth this picture is in itself a creation, for the artist has put into palpable shape what the words of the writer's description merely suggested. There is not the slightest doubt that if the gifted woman who stirred the sympathies of the nation by her beautiful story of love and sacrifice could see this result of her own purpose she would accept it as the final conception of her Ramona.

This canvas was rented by Mr. T. Getz, lessee of Ramona's Marriage Place, at Old Town, San Diego, and exhibited for six months in the very room in which

Ramona and Alessandro, in the story, are said to have been married.

It attracted many thousands and was finally purchased by Mr. H. C. House, of Houston, Texas, for \$2,500.00, and now adorns his home in Houston.

With his high ideals, his rich handling of the brilliant and vivid colors of San

Diego's Coast, Bay, Foothills, Orchards, Desert and Mountains in the winter, and his masterly canvases of the Yosemite in summer, Mr. Best has his work for a lifetime cut out for him. Personally, I am charmed with the "Best" way of doing things, and sincerely commend his work to my readers.



## CALIFORNIA—MY DREAMLAND

*By Charles H. Meiers*

*Far away from home I've wandered,  
To this land of birds and flowers,  
Where Dame Nature's charms are squandered  
In fair sun-kissed verdant bowers:  
Rock-gemmed mountains stand between me  
And the Frost-king's blighting blast:—  
'Tis the land of love and beauty,  
Only dreamed of in the past.*

*Land of bungalows, surrounded  
By the fairest flowers of earth,  
Where no false note's ever sounded  
In Life's happy song of mirth;  
Where the mocking birds sing daily  
All the songs I used to hear  
When, back home, the birds sang gaily,  
In the spring-time of the year.*

*Here, the young man's oft-sung fancy  
Need not be pent up till spring.  
It may turn to thoughts of Nancy  
In December. He may sing  
Songs of love as they go strolling  
In the moonlight hand-in-hand,  
Or while watching great waves rolling  
As they surge upon the sand.*

*And when summer sunshine's burning  
Eastern grasses with its rays,  
Here, the ocean breeze, returning  
From the snow-capped mountain, plays  
'Mid the grass and flowers, bringing  
Fragrance from the orange-grove;  
And it sets the strong heart singing  
Songs of purity and love.*

*Oft I long to see the faces  
Of the loved ones left behind;  
And the pictures of rare places  
Are still treasured in my mind;  
But I'll not discuss returning  
To the eastern winter's blast:  
California!—No more yearning!—  
Ah! my dreamland's found at last!*



# The STORY of



By A. C. Vroman

# RAMONA

The people of the United States generally are just beginning to realize the enormity of the crimes perpetrated against the aborigines of this continent by the national government, and undoubtedly Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona* was one of the pioneer voices that contributed toward this awakening.

So well known is the story that few travellers visit Southern California who do not hunt up the places and scenes associated in their minds with *Ramona*. And to satisfy the calls that are still being made for this book, as well as to answer the questions that arise relative to seeming discrepancies, Little, Brown & Company, Boston, have issued a new Tourists' Edition with an introduction by A. C. Vroman, of Pasadena, and with illustrations from original photographs made by him.

Through the courtesy of the publishers, the following sketch has been condensed from this introduction, and it is to them also we are indebted for permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations.—EDITOR.

**R**S is generally understood, every incident in the story of *Ramona* has fact for its foundation, even down to the minutest detail of the house of the Morenos. Yet we frequently hear the old adobe house at Old Town, San Diego, called "Ramona's Home," while Guajome Rancho, about four miles east of San Luis Rey Mission, is called the same; then the Camulos Rancho on the Southern Pacific line to Santa Barbara, sixty miles northwest of Los Angeles, is also pointed out, until the casual visitor to the coast becomes bewildered in the numerous "homes", and interest therein is lessened.

To unravel somewhat the tangle is the aim of this article, and if possible, work out the genesis of the story in such a manner as seems necessary for the better understanding of the book. With this thought the writer has made a careful search for any information on the subject obtainable. (Fig. 1.)

One need only to go to any of the works of Helen Hunt Jackson ("H.H." as she is best known) to find the deep and sincere sympathy she always gave to

that greatly wronged and little understood race, the American Indian. She had for years used the press to aid and secure a more fair treatment for them by the United States Government.

In 1883 Mrs. Jackson, with the Hon. Abbott Kinney, of Los Angeles, was authorized by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to "investigate and report on the condition and needs of the Mission Indians of California." This report was filed in July, 1883, and can be found in the Bureau Reports and also in appendix, pages 458-514 of *A Century of Dishonor*, published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

During their investigation and travel among the Mission Indians in Southern California, Mrs. Jackson became so deeply interested, and her sensitive nature so wrought upon at the gross injustice of the laws and their application by the officers of the government, that she again felt it her duty to try to awaken public sympathy in their behalf.

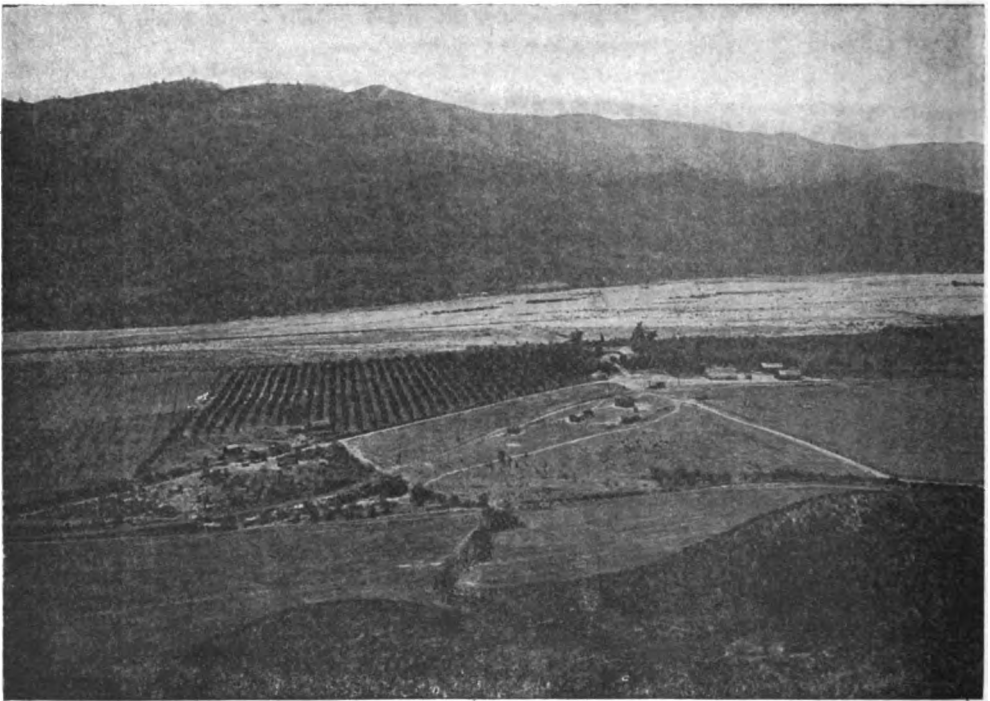
Having filed her report with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, she returned to California and went to the Guajome Ranch about four miles east of San Luis Rey Mission and nine miles from Oceanside, a station on the San Diego line of the Santa Fe, seventy miles south of Los Angeles.

Here, twenty-five years ago, was the most typical of all old California homes, and it is so today, though much of the beauty of the place has gone the way of nearly all of the Spanish homes, through neglect and decline of estates.

It was here that Mrs. Jackson wished to locate the story, and the home of her heroine. Reaching the ranch she was welcomed by the owner, the late Senora Ysador Coutts, and by the Senora aided in many ways with bits of information about the people, the country, and incidents that were in addition to much



*Fig. 1. San Gabriel Mission from the Southeast.  
From Tourist's Edition of "Ramona." Courtesy Little, Brown & Company.*



*Fig. 2. The Camulos Rancho.  
From Tourists' Edition of "Ramona." Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co., Boston.*

already gathered during her previous researches, to be woven so cleverly into a perfect whole.

It seems, however, that one day in discussing the story a misunderstanding arose which ended in Mrs. Jackson being forbidden the use of the ranch, and it is understood she left Guajome under the ban of the Senora's displeasure.

Almost heartbroken, she returned to Los Angeles to the home of her old friend, Don Antonio Coronel, (whose death a few years ago took from our midst one of the most prominent and worthy characters of the early California days). To Don Antonio she opened her heart, full of trouble, saying she could not write the story unless she described the Guajome Ranch, for here was all that she could picture in words, the most beautiful of all California homes; and she was forbidden the use of it as the home of her heroine; where else could she find such another?

Don Antonio, who had always been much interested in Mrs. Jackson, and had aided her many times before in her literary work and research, could not let the matter end thus; and he bethought him of the Camulos Ranch. With his face beaming with pleasure he said, "Let not the Senora be dismayed. I will take her to another ranch almost identical with the Guajome. Tomorrow we will go, and the Senora will see for herself the Camulos." (Fig. 2.)

Arriving at the Camulos Ranch they found the family absent, the servants only being about the house; in haste to return to Los Angeles, they spent but two hours on the ranch, and never before or afterward did Mrs. Jackson see the Camulos Ranch, made famous on two continents by the pen of this gifted writer as the "Home of Ramona." (Fig. 3.)

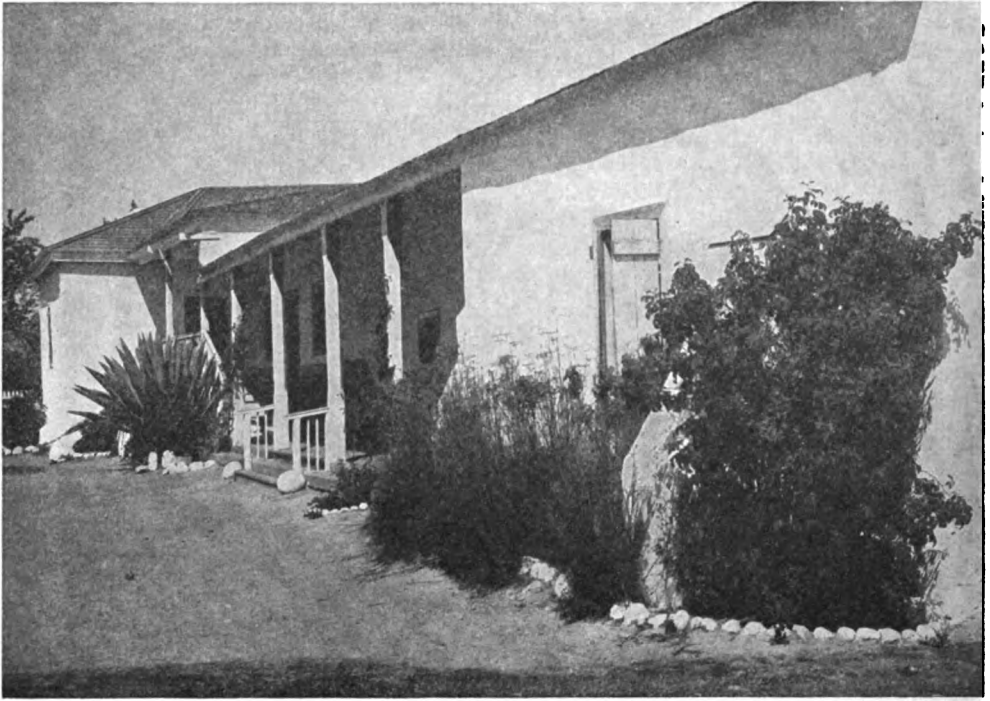
That Mrs. Jackson could in two short hours impress on her memory that which she later pictured so accurately, describing the entire surroundings so minutely, is marvelous, and illustrative of her great descriptive power. She had her story ready for the setting, and this she found in this beautiful old Spanish home, in one of California's most beautiful (the Santa Clara) valleys—the *Camulos Ranch*.

Most of her descriptions fit Camulos perfectly. There are times, however, when she seems to have had Guajome in mind, as, for instance, when describing the sheep sheds, for at present there is nothing of the kind at Camulos that answers her descriptions so well as the old sheds at Guajome. Then, too, it was always the Saints and Mission belongings from San Luis Rey the Senora was caring for: ". . . a carved bench, also of oak, which had been brought to the Senora for safe keeping by the faithful old sacristan of San Luis Rey." Why San Luis Rey, more than one hundred miles away, with San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, San Fernando, and San Gabriel, all less than half the distance and all going the same road to ruin?

And again, the route traversed by Alessandro and Ramona, after leaving the ranch, is identical with the country between Guajome and San Diego. These and like instances are explained on the theory that the story was planned to be located at the Guajome Ranch, and possibly portions of the book already written when the difference arose which necessitated the use of another place for the home of the heroine. There was no need of remodeling the other portions of the work; they answered just as well for the purpose, but it brought some confusion to the readers of the story to make the descriptions fit in smoothly. (Fig. 4.)

Reaching Old Town they found the chapel lighted; here the ceremony was performed and then they went to the father's house and he entered their names in the book of marriage records, "kept in Father Gaspara's own rooms." So the old adobe house at Old Town is the Father Gaspara's house, and not, as some call it, a "Ramona Home." Fig. 5 shows the chapel, with the ancient bells outside, at Old San Diego.

It was a delightful time that a small party spent at Camulos one August day now eighteen years ago, but the dear old Camulos has changed but little in all these years. From Los Angeles on the Santa Barbara line of the Southern Pacific railway, to the little station of Camulos, is sixty miles, a two hours' ride through the beautiful San Fernando, and over the Newhall Pass and Tunnel, and into the still more beautiful Santa



*Fig. 3. The Famous South Veranda at the Camulos Rancho.  
From Tourists' Edition of "Ramona." Courtesy of Little, Brown & Company, Boston.*



*Fig. 4. The Sheep-Washing Place, Guajome.  
From Tourists' Edition of "Ramona." Courtesy of Little, Brown & Company, Boston.*

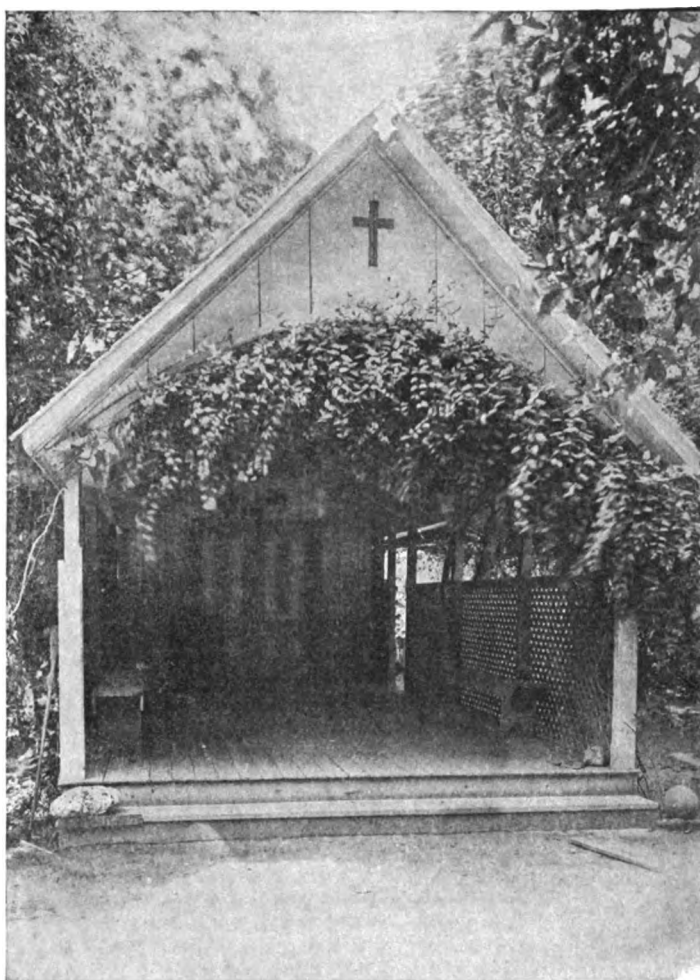


*Fig. 5. Chapel Where Ramona Was Married, Old San Diego.  
From Tourists' Edition of "Ramona." Courtesy of Little, Brown & Company, Boston.*



*Fig. 6. The Servants' Quarters, Guajome.  
From Tourists' Edition of "Ramona." Courtesy of Little, Brown & Company, Boston.*





*Fig. 7. The Chapel Door, Camulos.*

*From Tourists' Edition of "Ramona." Courtesy of Little, Brown & Company, Boston.*

Clara Valley. It is but a stone's throw from the station to the ranch house so hidden in a mass of orange, almond trees and shrubbery that you do not see the building until close upon it. Passing the servants' quarters we think of the Senora's "unspeakable satisfaction, when the commissioners, laying out a road down the valley, ran it at the back of her house, instead of past the front." . . . "It is well," she said, "let their travel be where it belongs, behind our kitchens."

Back high on the hill, across the railroad track, stands the cross, ". . . that the heretics may know when they

go by that they are on the estate of a good Catholic," she said.

A few steps past the end of the servants' quarters, and we are at the inner court. How true the description! "The house was of adobe, low, with a wide veranda on the three sides of the inner court. . . ." There it is, the servants' quarters making the third side of the court, with flowers everywhere, and hedges at the fourth or eastern side of the court, virtually making a quadrangle, See Fig. 6.

We turn to the veranda. Could anything be better described? The raised platform, or loggia, made four (eight it



Fig. 8. *The Sheep Sheds, Guajome.*

*From Tourists' Edition of "Ramona." Courtesy of Little, Brown & Company, Boston.*

should read) steps higher than the others, leading to the Senora's room, then Felipe's and Ramona's at the foot of the steps; and at the southeast corner, the father's room; we almost expect to see the good old father throw open the shutters and break the stillness with his sunrise hymn:

"O Beautiful Queen, Princess of Heaven!"

We have not yet taken time to make our presence known to the household, so interested in the surroundings have we been. We step on the veranda; how real it all is—almost the stillness, the solemnness of a shrine it seems as we gently tap on the open door. The sound has scarcely died away ere our summons is answered. We present our letter from the son in Los Angeles to the mother and sister, requesting their hospitality to his good friend, Mr. L. and his party. We are welcomed in words that assure us that the son's and brother's request is all that is needed to give us the freedom of the ranch. Even the father's own room at the southeast corner of the veranda is designated as

ours, and here we once more feel the air of a sainted place, for was not this the very window with the bolted shutters that the father would open at break of day; this the very table where he sat?

But we cannot remain indoors, so anxious are we to see. As we step out on the veranda one of the household proffers her services as guide. The garden: "Between the veranda and the river meadow, out on which it looked, all was garden, orange grove, and almond orchard; . . . Nothing was to be seen but verdure or bloom or fruit at whatever time of year you sat on the Senora's south veranda;" in the center of the garden the fine old fountain, with the "bowls," that were hung from the veranda roof by cords, filled with flowers.

Close by, the chapel, "dearer to the Senora than her house;" just back of the chapel, the bells brought from Spain, and across the garden "a wide straight walk, shaded by a trellis so knotted and twisted by grapevines that little was to be seen of the trellis wood-work, led straight down . . . to a little brook



*Mr. A. C. Vroman, of Pasadena, whose artistic pictures illustrate the new Tourists' Edition of "Ramona."*

. . . in the shade of a dozen gnarled, old willow-trees were set the broad, flat stone washboards on which was done all the family washing." The entrance to the chapel is shown in Fig. 7.

► The little chapel attracts us once more on our return from the "willows." We step inside, for the door has been unlocked that we may have free access to everything; for has not the beloved son's letter vouched for us? No need to hide the family silver and keep the chapel door locked. So many people, they tell us, come unannounced and roam about without so much as a gracious acknowledgment of their presence on the premises: some are even so rude and contemptible as to slip a spoon from the table into

their pocket when hospitality is shown them and they are asked to join the family at meal time.

We marvel at the patience of these good people when we are told that within nine months, by actual count, more than eight hundred meals were served to strangers, much against their desires; but hospitality must never find an ending in the old Spanish homes. No doubt it would be a great relief to them if some other place could take the honor of the "Home of Ramona."

What most hurts these good people is the insistence with which some of the thoughtless, or ignorant, almost demand to see Ramona and Felipe. "Which of the servants is Margarita?" and "Is the

Senora as cross as she used to be to Ramona?" Such ridiculous questions wound their sensitive feelings, and one marvels at their patience with the number who come and go. Many are a delight to meet, they say. Many have come away expressing themselves as charmed with their visit at Camulos and the friendship extended. But we must remember that we are on private, not public, property; that we owe it to the many yet to follow us that we do our part well.

Inside the little chapel, always fragrant with flowers, one must think of Mrs. Jackson's pleasure to find such to inspire her descriptions—nothing could be more to her needs.

Crossing the south veranda and passing through a hallway the full width of the main building, some thirty feet, we come out on the inner court with its wide verandas. Close by the door is the old bench where Juan Can sat, "his head leaning back against the whitewashed wall, his long legs stretched out nearly across the whole width of the veranda. . . . He was the picture of placid content." Across the court are the servant's quarters, and we imagine old Marda's copper saucepan shining through the open window still uplifted as she flung it "full of not over-clean water, so deftly past Juan's head that not a drop touched him. . . . And at which bit of sleight-of-hand the whole court-yard, young and old, babies, cocks, hens and turkeys, all set up a shout and a cackle."

And we wonder if Mrs. Jackson did really see a similar performance somewhere, sometime. Everything else is there.

We visit the stables, stock-sheds, the old olive oil mill, the orange and peach orchards, the vineyard, and at the tap of the dinner bell we are graciously asked to join at the family table, and later sit and take much pleasure in conversation with the family on the south veranda. They give us innumerable incidents of those who have visited the ranch: how Mrs. Jackson came during the absence of the family and remained but two hours, and how if they had known they might also have forbidden the use of the ranch, and yet with all the annoyance much pleasure has come with it.

We go to the music room, and the guitar and piano, songs and merry conversation drive time so fast that only too soon does the time for our leave-taking come, which is not over with until the train moves away. But it is not the hospitality alone that has given us pleasure, but the *knowing* that we have spent a delightful day at *The Home of Ramona*.

What Ramona would have been with Guajome Ranch as the home of the heroine we cannot say, though surely it would have had a setting worthy of its stateliness in its prosperous days, but it is fast going the way of all our landmarks; already in a neglected state, it will soon be left out of the list of possible homes of Ramona.



# Poetry and Symbolism of Indian Basketry

Courtesy The Theosophical Path, Point Loma, Cal.

By George Wharton James

(Continued from December Number)

"Sad and bitter were the wailings when the mournful news of these tragic deaths was told. Assembled together in an adobe hut, asleep under its walls after a *fiesta* of celebration of the happy Christmas-time (and let us not be too censorious that their feasting was of the grosser kind), the *temblor de tierra* came, one of the walls fell, and the lives of the sleeping women were instantaneously dashed out, Pedro's wife being among the number.

"He himself was also a victim of the earth's unsteadiness. Leg and collar bone (I think it was) were shattered, and when the dead body of his wife was found and brought out into the sunlight, Pedro was lying in agony and pain, broken and shattered in body. Out of kindness he was not told of his aged companion's tragic death. The Indian agency doctor visited him and gave him all the benefit possible of his great skill and knowledge. Ever since Pedro had opened his heart to the doctor, when he and I several years before had talked with him about the origin of his people, the physician had taken the deepest interest in this old blind man and his wife, so that now he needed no urging to do all that could be done to restore him to health. The fractures were reduced and the wounds treated, and the pure natural life of the old man aided the surgeon's endeavors so that he seemed on the way to speedy recovery. But all the time he kept asking for his wife. Where was his wife? Why didn't he hear her voice comforting and consoling him in his pain? That it might not retard his recovery the dreadful news was still kept from him, and he was left under the impression that his wife, like himself, was injured too seriously to come to him, but that she would doubtless soon recover. Tears rolled down his

wrinkled cheeks from his poor, sightless eyes as he thought of his loved partner thus injured and of his inability to minister to her.

"His distress was pitiable to observe, and it was only when the doctor urged self-control and speedy recovery for her sake that Pedro's agitation was overcome.

"Those Above had stricken them with severe blows. Why was it? He could patiently have borne for himself, but his poor wife—she was so feeble, and so old. Could she not have been spared?

"His broken bones began to knit and his wounds to heal. Speedy restoration to a fair degree of health was looked forward to, when it was deemed that the time had come to tell him the truth. The result was terrifying. In a few pathetic words this poor Indian exposed his whole inner heart.

"'And she is gone from me? Shall I never hear the gentle love-sweetness of her voice in my ears again? From youth to old age we have walked hand in hand together, and now she has left me alone. She has gone on alone. I need her—she needs me. Care for me no more, I must go to her,' and straightway he turned his face away from all succor, refused all food, and in a few hours was again walking hand in hand, though now in the Indian spirit land, with the aged wife, who doubtless, with himself, had renewed her youth."

To return to the symbolism of the baskets, the design in the basket to the left in Figure 15 is one containing the same motif of esthetic pleasure in objects of natural beauty as revealed in the basket by its side. This weaver, living on Warner's Ranch, where there are many springs and many beautiful flowers and butterflies, conventionally designated them all in this basket. In the center





Fig. 13. *A Palomas Apache weaver, and Large Basket in Mr. James' Collection.*

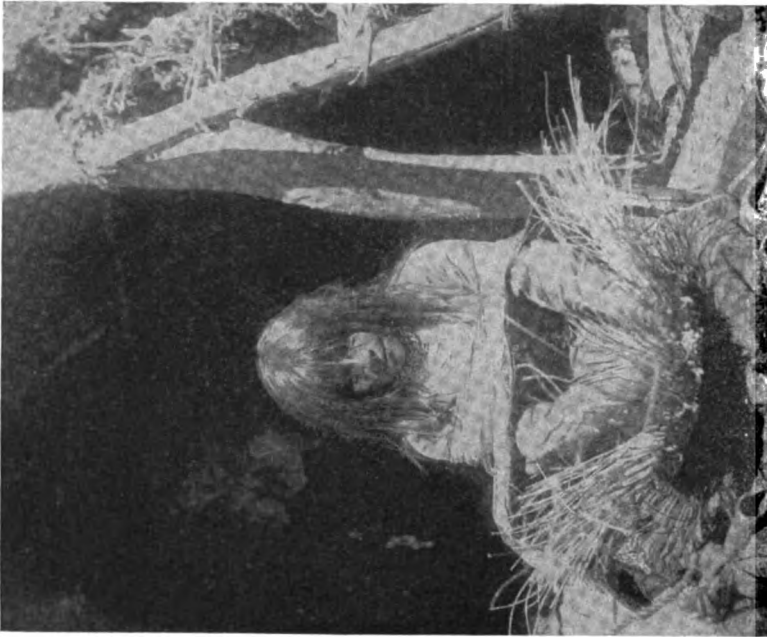


Fig. 14. *A Havasupai Weaver, Beginning the Weave of a Water-Olla.*

the small design represents springs, and in the body of the design it will be seen that butterflies and flowers alternate one with another.

The basket in the upper row to the right of Figure 16 has the same motif. With nothing but the black and white of her splints, the appreciative weaver expressed her joy and delight at the beauty of the trailing vines and flowers.

The large basket in the center of Figure 5 was sent to me by a Cahuilla weaver while I was lecturing in New York. At that time she and her family were camped some sixteen or eighteen miles from Redlands. Desirous of knowing the symbolism of the design and knowing that she was an intelligent woman and would answer correctly, I asked a friend of that city if he would kindly go out and get the desired information. When he arrived the weaver asked him to come in the morning *before sunrise* and she would then show him what the design meant. My friend was wise enough to do as he was told and a full hour before sunrise found him at her camp. Taking him a little distance away, she pointed to the ridge in the East, where, silhouetted against the beautiful clear white light of the early morning, a number of yuccas were to be seen. The white light of the morning shining through the dark spikes of the yucca afforded her so much pleasure that she wished to place them in her basket. The little groups in the design represent the flowers conventionalized. This was one of the baskets, the coloring of which gave such delight to the master artist to whom I have above referred, but unfortunately, the engravings do not reproduce the rich and perfect harmonies of its color-scheme.

Several of the baskets are prayer-baskets, carrying out somewhat the same idea that the old Saboba woman had when she put the rainbows in her basket—see Figure 16, for instance, and the basket to the left in Figure 5. When I first saw and purchased this basket, I could not conceive what its peculiar design could mean until upon inquiry the weaver showed me that the central cross design was a conventionalized representation of the four paws of a bear, showing their sharp claws, and

that the other sharp pointed portions of the design represented the incisor-like and dangerous teeth of the bear. Instinctively realizing what the basket meant I asked her if I might accompany her when she took the basket to the shrine of prayer. In amazement she looked at me and asked me how I knew she was going to pray. I made no reply but simply asked that I might go and satisfy her that my desire was an earnest one, and that I should sincerely unite my prayer with hers. She then took my request in the most matter-of-fact way, and before long put a supply of prayer-meal into the basket and took me to the shrine, where she knelt and prayed most fervently to the Powers Above. From her prayer I gathered that her husband and sons were working in a portion of the Sierras where a number of bears had been seen. She was afraid that these wild creatures might jeopardize the lives of her loved ones. According to her reasoning, the bears were subject to the two great powers—one good, the other evil. This must be so, for all bears have equal power to do damage and injury, but only a few show the disposition to attack man. These, therefore, undoubtedly are under the domination of the evil power and she sought especially to propitiate this power in order that no injury would come to those she loved.

This same motif is found in the basket to the right in Figure 18. Here is clearly outlined a diamond-backed rattlesnake, although in the engraving the head of the rattler is in the shade and is indistinct. The woman who made this, knelt in my presence, and after sprinkling the sacred meal as is their wont when at prayer, petitioned the Powers of good and evil that her loved ones might be preserved from the poisonous fangs of the rattlesnakes that abounded in the region where they were at work.

It will also be noticed that in this basket there is a figure that looks like that of a mouse or rat. There are two of these figures in the basket. I forgot to ask the weaver the significance of these, hence I do not know definitely what her idea was in placing them here. The assumption, therefore, is purely my own and may be erroneous, but it is not

improbable that her thought was to suggest to the powers that controlled the rattlesnakes that if the gods would undertake to preserve from injury those she loved she would see to it that plenty of mice and other reptilian foods were forthcoming for these creatures.

The basket to the right of the lower row of Figure 16 is the well-known Bat Basket, the story of which has been told many times. When I first saw this basket the old weaver was busily engaged in its manufacture. As I chatted with her she told me that the design which she was weaving into it was that of the flying bat.

"Why do you put the flying bat into your basket?"

The answer came with a child-like confidence and simplicity that were intensely interesting and pathetic. "For a long time when I have gone to my bed to sleep, the flying bats have come through that hole"—pointing to a small hole at the junction of the wall and roof—"and sucked away my breath. You see I cannot breathe very well, for they have taken away nearly all the breath I have." (The poor old creature was suffering from asthma—a very rare complaint with Indians.) "So I am going to pray to Those Above to keep the bats away from me. I am making the basket to take the sacred meal to the shrine" (mentioning a place where the old Cahuilla Indians go to pray as in the old days before priests and missionaries were known), "and I am putting the bats in the basket so that Those Above will know what I am praying about. I will sprinkle the sacred meal and then pray earnestly that the bats be kept away so that when I lie down to sleep my breath be no longer taken away from me."

Impulsively I placed my hand on her shoulder and exclaimed: "And when you pray will you remember that your white brother will pray with you?"

I took good care, however, before leaving, to close up the aperture through which the bats entered her hut to disturb her. It was nearly a year before I returned to Cahuilla, but one of the first visitors to my wagon was this old woman. She took my face between her hands and kissed me on each cheek, and shook my hands with cordial earnestness, while

tears streamed down her cheeks. Almost her first words were: "You see I now have my breath. Those Above heard *our* prayers."

Her gladness almost touched me to tears, and they actually did flow when I realized the significance of the plural pronoun she had used: "*Our* prayers." Here, indeed, was the recognition of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. Then she continued: "I told you if our prayers were answered I would keep the basket for you, and it is there on my wall waiting for you to come and fetch it."

The second basket from the left in the upper row of Figure 16 has an equally pathetic prayer connected with it. It was made by the squaw of Panamahita, a Havasupai Indian, who lives with his tribe in Havasu or Cataract Canyon, one of the tributaries of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Their home is deep down in the Canyon some fifty miles west and south of El Tovar. Some months prior to my visit on the occasion of my getting this basket, there had been a severe cloud-burst which had completely washed away the gardens of several families of the Indians and had done a great deal of damage to their peach and fig trees. Upon these vegetables and fruits the Indians depended for a large share of their subsistence during the year, and all of these having been destroyed they were naturally in sad circumstances. I had ridden into the Canyon from Bass Camp and had just passed the school-house when I met the family leaving the village to visit a shrine some fifteen to twenty miles away where I doubt whether any other white man save myself has ever been privileged to go. This basket was in the hands of the weaver and in our conversation I learned that she had made it expressly for the visit they were about to make to this shrine. Before long the symbolism of the design was made apparent. According to their belief, with which I have been familiar for many years, the Havasupais believe that "Hackataia" is the great central power behind all cyclones, tornadoes, cloud-bursts, and destructive forces of this nature. They regard the roaring, turbulent Colorado River in the depths of the Canyon as a manifestation of



*Figs. 15 (Top) and 16 (Bottom). Indian Baskets in Mr. James' Collection.*

Hackataia; the thunder as another manifestation. The destructive cloud-burst which had devastated their gardens and partially destroyed their homes was also an exhibition of this malevolent power. Accordingly, in the center of the basket the black part of the design represents the great Hackataia from which all the smaller Hackataias come, the latter be-

ing represented by the inverted pyramids which surround the central black design. It was to this god their petitions were to be addressed. Now, as I have explained, these people live in the region of deep canyons, surrounded by high plateaus. In the next circle of the design this country of alternating plateau and canyon is shown, and it will be observed that all

symbols of Hackataia are absent. This was to be the chief burden of the prayers, that if it were the will of the gods, all this country, that they regarded as their home country, should henceforth be completely free from the ravages of tornado, cloud-burst, fierce storm, or other injurious power. Then, fearful of asking too much at the hands of the gods, the upper row of the design suggests a modification of the prayer, namely, that if Hackataia *must* come into this region, will it not be possible to confine him to the plateaus, so that when he reaches the edge of the canyon, instead of descending into it and bringing evil and misery and distress to the poor, hard-working Havasupais, he will jump across the canyon and continue his destructive work upon the plateau, where there are no human beings with little children to be made to suffer.

In the basket to the left in Figure 18 will be seen four pairs of birds. The central portion of the design is a conventionalized flower or shrub near which these birds, the doves, were often seen by the weaver. She was a young maiden about to be married at the time that I found her engaged in the making of this basket. I had known her practically from her babyhood, and we were exceeding good friends. She trusted me implicitly, hence when I asked the meaning of the design of the birds in her basket, she looked at me sweetly and shyly for an instant and then explained: "You know Jose and I are soon to be married. Every day when I am busy with my work I see the love-birds"—this is the name given by many Indians to the dove—"They are always cooing to each other and stroking each other's feathers down with their bills and showing how much they love each other, so I thought to myself I would pray to the god of the Palatinguas that not only before our marriage, but afterwards, and all the time, Jose and I may make love to each other and be as happy together as are the love-birds."

"But why did you put the four pairs of love-birds in your basket?" I asked.

"Oh, that was to represent all the seasons of the year—spring, summer, autumn, and winter—and thus represented, one year to represent all years," she replied.

When I asked, "Will you sell me the basket?" she replied, "No, I cannot sell it now, because if I were to sell it that might spoil my prayer."

It was some three years before I saw her again and when I did she was the happy mother of two beautiful and healthy children. The basket hung upon the wall. Immediately I saw it, the question instinctively sprang to my lips, "Are you happy, Juanita?" With a smile she responded, "Yes, I am perfectly happy and satisfied, and now if you want the basket I shall be very happy to have you take it."

Need I say that it now occupies an honored place in my collection?

On the small basket to the right in Figure 5, which was made by a Pima, will be seen that almost universal symbol, the swastika. Dr. Thomas Wilson, while he was Curator of Anthropology, National Museum, wrote a most learned monograph, illustrated with hundreds of engravings, giving the history of this symbol as found by him among the different nations of the earth, both civilized and uncivilized. While he presented a few Indian designs and gave their explanation, he failed to present the interpretation that had been given to me some years ago by the Pimas and other tribes in Southern Arizona. These people live in a region where water is exceedingly scarce. Indeed, the chief burden of their prayers is that the "Reservoirs of the Above" (the rain-clouds), and the "Reservoirs of the Below" (the springs) may be kept perpetually full so that they may not be deprived of this life-giving fluid. One of their dances is a prayer of thanksgiving and also of petition to Those Above for this purpose. This dance is called the "Dance of the Linked Fingers." The dancers stand two by two, one crooking his first finger from below and the other crooking his first finger, but holding it downwards as from above, and the two thus linking their fingers represent the meeting of the waters of the "Above" and the "Below." If the reader will kindly link the first fingers of his right and left hands, he will see that they make the design of the Greek fret. This symbol is found in infinite variation in the designs of the basketry of



the Pimas and Apaches and other tribes of Southern Arizona.

Now, while the worshipers with their fingers thus linked dance to and fro, it is natural that by and by their fingers should slip from this position into the easier cross-linked position. When the weaver seeks to imitate this design, which to her mind is exactly of the same symbolic significance as the Greek fret, the exigencies of the art of basket-weaving force her to make it in the form of the swastika as shown in the basket in Figure 5. Here, then, we have the interpretation of these two symbols. They both mean the same thing—Thanksgiving to the gods above for the feeding of the reservoir of the clouds and the feeding of the reservoir of the springs.

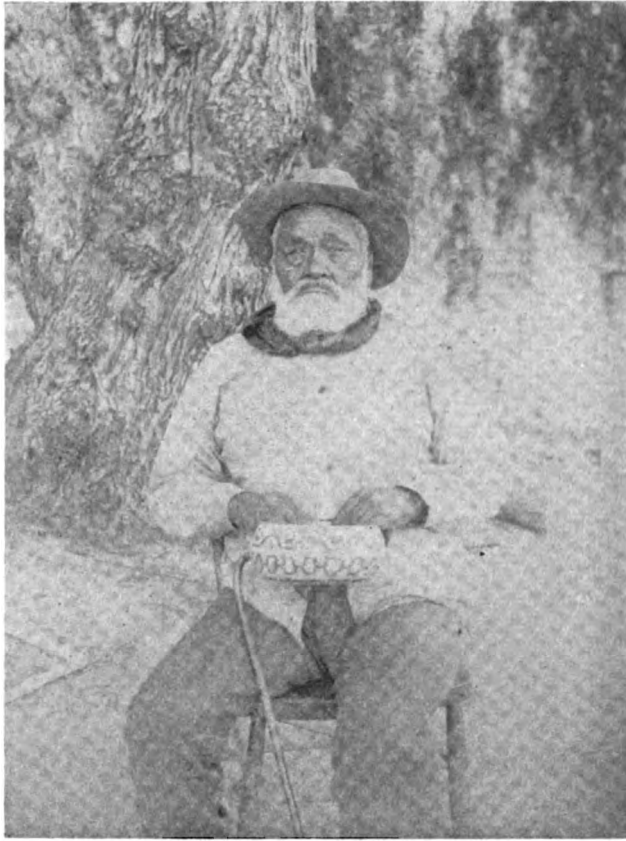
While there are other baskets in the collection the symbolism of which I have not described, because I have not been able to learn it from the weavers of the baskets themselves, there is one more that must receive attention at my hands. It is the center basket with the star-design in Figure 18. The story of this basket is connected with the origin of that part of the story of *Ramona* which describes the killing of Alessandro by the Jim Farrar of the novel. This part of the story is literally true, the original Indian's name being Juan Diego, and the wife actually bore the name, "Ramona Lubo." It must be remembered, however, that this parallel of absolute truthfulness between the fact and the fictitious story of *Ramona* does not apply throughout the whole novel, although every isolated statement of the story has its counterpart in actual fact.

Here is the story of the basket as I wrote it some years ago in my book entitled *Through Ramona's Country*: "Ramona Lubo is herself a fine basket-maker, but for many years she has not cared to exercise her art in this direction. One of the most highly-prized baskets in my collection was made by her, but was purchased by me in ignorance of that fact. The basket is an almost flat plaque, with a flange, giving it somewhat of the appearance of a soup-plate. In color it is a rich cream, with a large five-pointed star in the center and a host of small dots representing stars

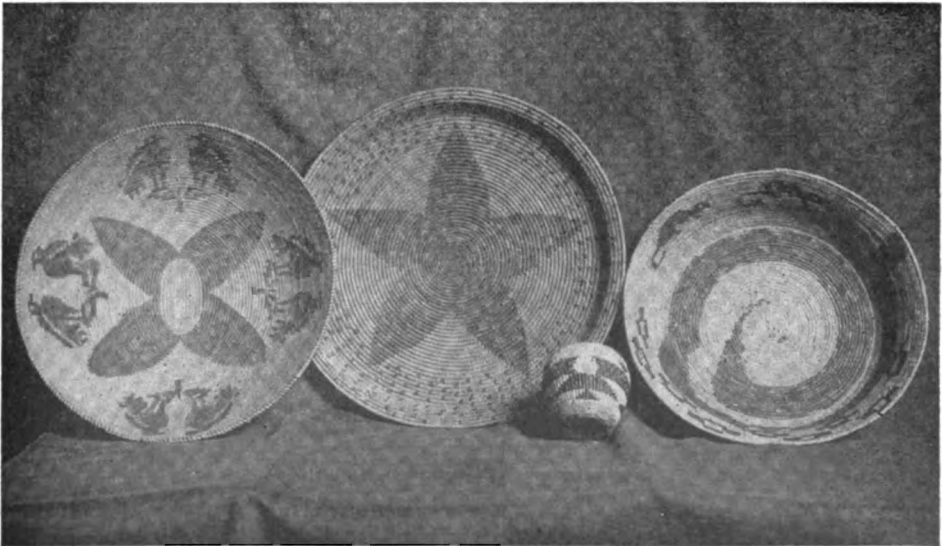
surrounding it, all worked out in stitches of deep brown of tule root.

"The manner in which I learned the meaning of the big star and the little stars from Ramona is as interesting as the story itself. It came about as follows: After hearing Ramona's story of the killing of her husband by Sam Temple, as recited in a former chapter, it seemed that it would be an excellent thing to preserve her story in the graphophone, told in her own way. Accordingly, on my next visit to Cahuilla, I took a large graphophone with the necessary cylinders, and soon after my arrival set up the instrument in the wagon ready for use. Timid and afraid of everything new, as usual, it was difficult work to persuade Ramona to come into the wagon. Fearful as a doe she sat down, while I wound up the machine and adjusted the cylinder, on which was one of Nordica's songs. My explanations of the mysterious powers of the graphophone only seemed to excite her fears the more, so that I was not surprised when the clear voice of the great artist burst forth from the horn to see a look of absolute terror come over Ramona's face, and the next moment to see her flying form darting through the wagon doorway. She fled incontinently to her little cabin, and it seemed as if our hopes of a record were doomed to disappointment. Mrs. N. J. Salsberry, the beloved teacher of the Indian school, and her daughter, Mrs. Noble, women in whose integrity Ramona had the highest confidence, united with me in persuasions to get her back to the wagon, but it was some days before she would consent.

"In the meantime, I had wandered about the village, buying all the baskets I could find, and among others this one with the design of the large star surrounded by all the lesser ones in the firmament. In vain I sought to know something of the design from the Indian woman of whom I purchased it. She did not make the basket, and she did not know the meaning of the design. "Who was the maker?" She refused to tell, and I had at last settled down to the thought that I must be content to be the mere possessor of the basket without knowing anything of its design or weaver,



*Fig. 17. Pedro Lucero.  
With basket in which is enshrined the history of his people, the Sabobas, of Southern California*



*Fig. 18. Indian Baskets in Mr. James' Collection.*

and had placed it with my other purchases in the wagon.

"At length Mrs. Noble's persuasions were successful and she and Ramona came again into the wagon. While preparing the graphophone I suggested to Ramona that she look at my baskets. With the child-like interest and curiosity Indians always display in one another's work, she began to examine the baskets and question me as to their weavers, when suddenly she caught sight of this star-basket. Seizing it with eagerness she exclaimed:

"Where did you get my basket?"

"It's not your basket, Ramona," I replied. "I bought it, and it is mine!"

"No, no! It is not yours," she excitedly answered. "It is my basket, my basket!"

"How can it be yours when I bought and paid for it?" I queried.

"Yes!" said she. "I know it is yours in that way, but that is not what I mean. It is my basket, mine! It belongs to me! I made it! It is part of me—it is mine!"

"Need I say that in a moment my keenest interest and profoundest curiosity were aroused?"

"Ah," said I, "I understand, Ramona; you made the basket. It is a part of you. Why did you put the big star and the little stars in your basket?"

"I will not tell you," was her reply, with the keen directness of an Indian.

"Surely you will tell me," was my response. "You often say you will not tell me things and yet you generally do. Do not say you will not tell me, for I want you to tell, and I think you will."

"I forbore pressing the question, however, at this time, as I saw it would be useless, but securing her promise to allow me to come down to her cabin, and there obtain more photographs of her, I determined to use that opportunity for further queries on the subject of the basket.

"In the meantime she told her story in the graphophone, and I now have the cylinder. Unfortunately she was so afraid of the machine that in spite of my urgings, her voice was low and timid, and did not make much impression. It is clearly to be heard, however, when one is perfectly still, hence is a valuable record.

"The following day when I went to her house, I took the basket along, and after I had set up my camera I handed her the basket. As I put my head under the focusing cloth, while she sat before me at the end of the little cabin, holding the basket in her hand, she voluntarily began her story, her son, Condino, acting as interpreter.

"There are many times when I lie down out of doors, tired and weary, but I cannot sleep. How can I sleep? I am all alone, and as I roll and toss, all at once I think I can see that wicked man riding up to the top of the hill and looking down upon our little home, and I hear him shout, 'Juan Diego! Juan Diego!' Then I see my poor husband, tired and sleepy almost to death, stagger to the doorway, and that wicked man, shouting foul oaths, put his gun to his shoulder and fire, bang! bang!—two shots—right into the heart of my poor husband. And I see him fall across the doorway, and although the blood was oozing from his dead body, and I knew I had now no husband, that cruel man pulls out his little gun and fires again, ping! ping! ping! ping! four more shots into his dead body.

"When I see this, how can I sleep? I cannot sleep, and my face becomes wet with many tears.

"Then I look up into the sky, and there I see the Big Star and all the little stars, and I think of what they tell me, that my husband, Juan Diego, has gone somewhere up there. I don't understand, I am only a poor ignorant Indian, but the priest understands, and you white people understand; and he says that Juan Diego has gone there and that he is very happy, and that if I am a good woman I shall go there too, and I shall be very happy, because I shall be with him. And when I think of this, it makes me feel good here, (putting her hand over her heart and body), and my head does not feel so dizzy, and I am able to turn over and go to sleep."

"So that was why you made the basket, was it, Ramona, that you might see the Big Star and the little stars, even in the daytime, or when you were indoors, and it might make you feel good to see them?"

"Yes," she replied, "that was it."

"Then," said I, if the basket gave you so much comfort, Ramona, why did you sell it?"

"As I asked the question such a look of despair came over the face of the poor woman as I shall never forget, and raising her hands with a gesture of helpless hopelessness she exclaimed: 'I wait a long, long time, and I no go. I want to go many times, but I no go. I stay here and I no want to stay here. Nobody love me here, white people no love me, Indians no love me, only Condino, my little boy, love me and I heap tired! I heap tired! I want to go! I no go!'"

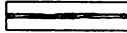
"And then flinging the basket away from her in a perfect frenzy of fury, she shrieked, 'Basket say I go! I no go! Basket heap lie! Basket heap lie!'"

"So that I see in this basket not only a beautiful piece of work, with dainty colors arranged in exquisite harmony, but I see the longings of a woman's soul to be again with her husband in 'the above,' her aspirations to be at rest,

and alas! the sickness of heart that comes from hope long deferred—a woman's despair."

From these simple and pathetic stories it will be seen that far more human interest attaches to the baskets of the Indian than we have hitherto conceived. No longer can they appear to us as mere pieces of aboriginal wickerwork with no other thought connected with them than their beauty of form, color, and design, and the use for which they were intended. Henceforth one can never look at a basket without realizing that the Indian weavers and people are human with ourselves, feeling all the emotions, enjoying equal hopes and aspirations, and feeling equal wretchedness and despair with ourselves.

And if this brief and imperfect presentation of the subject leads my readers to feel even a small part of my own sympathy for and interest in the Indian, its recital will be more than justified and my labor abundantly repaid.



## EVENING IN THE VALLEY

By Viva Person

*The sun's last beam has dropped behind the hills,*

*Soft purple shadows lie on all the plain.*

*Unstirred by any breeze, the valley oaks*

*Uplift their myriad leaves, clear cut and dark*

*As ebony, against the far-off gold.*

*As in some bubble, vast and heaven-high.*

*The whole earth seems enclosed—so crystal clear,*

*So cloudless is the sky. Far in the east,*

*In tints of gray and pearl, with dreams of rose,*

*It bends; while overhead the azure sweeps.*

*Beyond the broken outline of the hills*

*Still lie the banners of the vanished sun—*

*Red, blent with gold, and shading into pearl,*

*Then softly upward into palest blue—*

*Where, lo, the golden crescent of the moon*

*Swings like a censer from the evening star!*

*Hushed to its utmost rim the valley lies;*

*It is the hush of perfect ecstasy.*

# A FISHING TRIP TO SAN CLEMENTE

By L. G. Campbell

**I**T sea, about fifteen degrees West of South from San Pedro, California, and distant about eighty-five miles from that place, is an island in the Pacific Ocean called San Clemente. This island is about twenty-five miles long by five miles wide and extends in its longest course, northerly and southerly. It is a great lava-outflow, forced from the depths until its cliffs stand at places along its shore line from 1,000 to 1,500 feet above sea level and reach by almost sheer cliffs, the waters' edge. Such formation is by nature, hard here, soft there, soluable here, insoluable there. The result of the gnawing of the ocean on these cliffs for ages, has been that great caves have been drilled in the rock—not one, but hundreds of them—some so large that a launch may be housed therein as an automobile in its garage. Some of these caves are smaller at their entrance than in their underground cavities. Some person whose desire to play a prank on nature exceeded his wisdom, has placed a great whistle at the top of the entrance to one of such caves. The waves dash against its entrance, compress the air in the vast cavity and the pent-up air escaping through the whistle causes it to send forth a wierd sound, more awe-inspiring than the siren of old.

The island is plentifully covered with grasses and verdure. Years ago some fig trees were planted upon it and although uncultivated and unattended, they yet produce figs in abundance. Spaniards, it is said, several generations ago, brought goats to the island to feed, and unherded, they answered the call of the wild, and the domestic instincts of their ancestors have been lost in their response to that call. A fisherman along the shore has but to look to the cliffs to see now and again the wild goats as they leap from rock to rock.

In August of 1913, Mr. J. E. Pelton, of Pasadena, California, a man for years past eminently successful in mining and incidentally an enthusiastic fisherman, took two other of his friends, Daniel Craig, of Pasadena, and J. H. Quinton, of Los Angeles, and the writer, on a ten days' fishing trip to that island. The launch, *Manana*, equipped with berths for six, a cooking compartment and an engine-room, a craft as restful in appointments as its name suggests, was our good ship.

Yellow-tail, rock cod, sea bass, albacore, with now and then a bonita shark, were ready and willing to take the bait and hook, but the fish we sought—the fish many sea-fishermen for sport seek—the sword-fish, were not so willing. It is believed by the fishermen that the sword-fish spawns off the shore of Japan and is but a visitor in American-Pacific waters. Like a bird of passage, its sojourn with us is brief, for the experience of fishermen is that it can be hooked in those waters for the brief space of thirty days only, the latter part of August and early September, of each year. So we drifted for several days trolling for sword-fish, pulling now and again to remove a rock cod or albacore that permitted its voracious appetite to over-run its discretion. The unwelcome intruder removed and thrown back in the water to ruminate on his experience, the bait, a flying-fish, is again fastened on the four inch steel hook by passing the hook through its mouth, thence back through its belly with the point of the hook extending out and downward from the belly. A lead is sewed on the bait in front of the hook, the mouth of the fish closed and fastened, and the bait, hook and three hundred feet of line are again cast. The sword-fish does not take its prey without first striking or piercing it with its sword. A little time passed when one of our



party called out "Strike," the brief announcement that a fish is at the bait. The line, twenty-four strand, tightly woven, and no larger than a coarse cotton thread, was permitted to run free for twenty-five or fifty feet, and by that time the sword-fish had effectually hooked himself and the sport was on. He took the hook about half a mile from shore and true to the instincts of his kind, he leaped with his full nine feet of length clear of the water, striking it again and going under but a few feet and leaping again, thus going to sea. The Von Hoff four-inch reel on the bamboo pole hummed and sung as he made his first five hundred-foot mad dash for liberty. When he took the bait, approximately three hundred feet of line were out. In less time than is required to say it, he had added five hundred feet more to his distance from the boat, leaving but two hundred feet of the one thousand-foot line on the reel. Fortunately for the success of the fisherman, the next course of the sword-fish was to the depths and toward the boat, and the man with the tackle succeeded in getting five hundred feet of slack line back on the reel. Thus for an hour and a half the struggle continued with the fish now going to the depths and now leaping above the surface of the water, and all the while working,

working farther to sea and leaving in the minds of the man with the pole and the rest of the party (who by this time had pulled in their lines and were spectators only), a grave doubt as to which would win—man or fish. At times the fish was so close to the boat and so near the surface that its great shining, shimmering form could be seen as distinctly as the form of a gold-fish in a bowl. Brief were such visits, however, for the next moment the now hot reel with the drag set, would sing under the speed of the out-going line. The boat rising and falling with the swells; he at the reel pumping and reeling as inch by inch slack could be taken, the exhausted fish was finally near enough to the boat to be reached with the gaff-hook and noose, and his nine feet of length lay upon the deck—the rod and reel had won. His length was nine feet one inch, and his weight, as he came from the water, one hundred and seventy-six pounds.

Grandfather's sword on your wall tells a story of war-clouds, strife and the slaughter of men. The mounted sword from that fish on the wall at the home of the fisherman tells a more beautiful story than does grandfather's sword. Its story is of sunshine and happy days on that fishing trip.

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## *The* POINTING PENCIL

### CHOOSING

*By Martha Martin Newkirk*

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**E**XPECTATION of something for nothing induces men to steal and snares women at the bargain counter. But the man pays for his theft by a guilty conscience, a ruined life, if not by chains and prison, while the woman pays for her "bargain" by greater weariness, loss of time, and of a certain fine sensibility, that is as the bloom on the peach, for delicacy. But Nature holds them both to strict account.

#### One Price Only

There are no bargain sales at the health counter. Happiness can never be

bought at a discount. And there are no special days, nor hours nor seasons for buying. Day and night, winter and summer alike, health and happiness must be paid for at Nature's own prices.

#### Health

Having all parts of the human body in perfect order, responding to the will of its tenant—that is health. The eye, the ear, the muscles, tendons, bones, nervous system, all the complicated mechanism must be ready to spring to action at will. Break a bone, dislocate a joint, burst a blood vessel, strain the

heart, interfere with the body's perfect work, and where can you buy back health?

### Spiritual vs. Temporal

What is the price of spiritual joy? One can practice mental gymnastics by mathematics, or can mount to the stars on astronomical wings, or speak all the world's languages, or be wise in philosophy, psychology, and multitudinous other ways, and yet may be a spiritual pauper. He has paid the price of learning, but has been miserly with the deep things of the spirit.

### The Price of Leadership

The leader must pay the price of leadership by keeping beyond his followers. He must know more of law or medicine, or whatever line he leads in, than those behind. Do they study? He burns midnight oil. Do they investigate? He goes deeper, and farther. But the spiritual leader reaches a depth of power by being in touch with spirit. "That which is born of spirit is spirit."

### And Love

The price of love is love. You cannot return love for mere respect—though respect belongs to love—or kindness, or honor, or friendship. For each of these is an integral part of love. They are the dimes that make the dollar, but eight dimes or nine, are not equal to a dollar. You need the complete number. Love is love's perfect complete coin.

### To Hark Back

The lesson from Mother Eve is this same one. She "saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise," so she took and ate. The price was innocence; the fruit bought was knowledge, for "the eyes of them both were opened." From that moment simple living became a past experience, and covering became a necessity. Even before his Maker, man cowered for lack of clothes.

### Choice

Life consists largely of choosing. If I devote my time and strength to making money, I know just THAT, but I do not know many other things. If I am an artist I study pose and color, and chiaroscuro, but—probably—I do not pay

attention to the discoveries in Science, nor weary my brain with higher mathematics. On the other hand, if I am putting my whole soul into science, I may almost forget the existence of art. And one of the greatest joys of my life is this choosing, this ability to decide, to select. The Creator placed before the human being He had made, the right to choose. The child is provided with father and mother, brothers and sisters. But the grown man or woman has the right to choose the mate for life. Also friends and location and business are matters of selection. The matter of choice has been placed before men in many dramatic situations. When the mighty prophet Elijah gathered Israel together in one final effort for the redemption of a nation, he cried, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve. If the Lord be God, *follow Him*. But if Baal, then follow him!" And Moses, after all his years as law-giver and leader of Israel, appealed to Israel to choose. "Behold I have set before thee this day life and death. Therefore CHOOSE LIFE." In this power of choosing, man approaches the God-likeness, the divinity in humanity.

### God-Likeness

To my thinking—or perhaps I should say to my imagination—the most dramatic moment in the world's history is recorded in Genesis 1:26: "God said, 'Let us make man in *our image*, in *our likeness*.'" Reverently I say this: It seems that the Creator paused over the clay form, the clay man, made from the earth. He paused, and looked at the clay. Not *dead*, for it had not *lived*; yet no breath, no pulsing heart, no active brain, no human intelligence—just a clay image, or model. Did the Creator consider leaving this man being without power or will, to *choose*? And was it not a glorious moment for Time and *Eternity* when he said, "In *our own image*?" Man has the soul impress of his Maker. He dreams and hopes and plans. He thinks and wills. He has the power to know good and evil, and to *choose*.

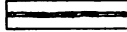
So we are not compelled to pay for what we do not want. We CHOOSE to have health, happiness, education, friendship, love, spiritual joy—whatever our

souls most long for. And we count the cost, and pay. We must not shirk paying. We should pay bravely, cheerfully, ungrudgingly. But we must not mortgage our future for present pleasure. We must not, as Holmes said, "Purchase with a loaf of bread, the sugar plum of pleasure."

Our American poet, James Russell Lowell, reached this same conclusion in

his own large way. In his "Prelude" to "The Vision of Sir Launfal," this deep thinker says:

Earth gets its price for what earth gives us;  
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;  
'Tis HEAVEN ALONE THAT IS GIVEN  
AWAY,  
'Tis only GOD MAY BE HAD FOR THE  
ASKING.



The stanzas below are written by Mrs. M. R. Leslie, of Hollywood, California. No one with whom I am familiar has studied more thoroughly the various forms of verse than Mrs. Leslie. She has made many interesting experiments and has written most luminously upon the subject. Much of the verse submitted to the editor of *Out West* contains excellent thought but is poorly expressed and does not conform to any known standard of verse composition. To several contributors who have asked for criticism and help I have replied referring them to Mrs. Leslie and she has given them a course of instruction to their marked improvement. I make this brief reference to Mrs. Leslie's work without any solicitation from her in the hope that many would-be contributors will avail themselves of her sympathetic and useful help.  
—EDITOR.

#### DOWN I GO

*Mountain snow,  
Scent of pine,  
Tang of sage,  
Heavy sweet orange-blow,  
Down I go.*  
*Sad, I know,  
Dusky pine,  
Shadows fall  
Far above breathes the snow.  
Down I go.*

#### SWEET AND LOW

*Breezes blow.  
Salt the sea-spray and cool,  
Cool the rocks where the waves  
Break below.  
Sweet the soft breezes blow.*  
*Heavy sweet  
Orange scent fans the groves  
Half asleep. Languid shade  
Gives retreat.  
Sweet the soft breezes blow.*

#### THERE AND OUT HERE

*Winter is there.  
Wildest of winds, fiercest of blasts,  
Make it their lair,  
Fright'ning the sun.*  
*Spring has begun,  
Pelling the green earth with her showers,  
Here in the sun.  
Storms there are none!*  
*Here is not There.  
There is not Here.  
Look at the sun!*

# WACHT HEIL



*By Fannie Harley*

*"—and the New Year blithe and bold  
Comes up to take his own."*

**W**E "saw the skirts of the departing year!" Midway in his revelry, with goblet half lifted to lips, the garb of folly cast aside, on this gladdest—saddest of all holidays, the heart of a man like Janus looking into the past with regret, into the future with hopes, sinks and wells as the great hand points the hour of twelve and once more the shadow moves over the dial-plate of time, and solemn, muffled bells toll out the death knell of the Old Year. With a sob he realizes too late, the "Tomorrow" of his promises; the prick of his conscience crying, "Today;" and invincible Death shouting, "Now," in his ears. The mighty host of past events, limned upon the horizon of memory's sky, the tides of joy and passion, the succession of births and deaths pass before his vision like a spectre indomitable. But nearer come the scenes of his own life—hopes and plans frustrated or realized; hours wasted or employed; kindnesses done or neglected; another year gone by, another year weighing down the body. No wonder, then, that in the midst of revelries, amidst the clank of glasses, amidst the odor of meats and viands—almost in despair, in uncontrollable grief, his soul is flung to sorrow, his face hidden in his arms as the shadow passes over his heart, the chill echoes of the past sigh in his ears, and the Old Year passes out in silence.

Ah! but Regret weeps only tears of poison. Avaunt! Already the merry tintinabulation heralding the New Year has overwhelmed the dirge of the Old Year. Again take up the glass, drown every sorrow, every animosity, and every discord of feeling in the wassail bowl. Wacht heil, drinc hael, a hearty laugh, an honest handshake, and a Happy New Year.

New Year's Day has ever been a holy day, or a holiday, among all nations. With the Jews the fifteenth day of Sh'vat is celebrated as "The New Year Festival of the Trees," because at that time the sap begins to rise and the season of fruits and flowers approaches. Among the Hindus the first day of the year is celebrated with sacrifices to the God of Wisdom. Human sacrifices offered to the incoming year were made by the ancient Mexicans; and the Druids commenced the years on the tenth of March by cutting the sacred mistletoe with a golden knife, and with much ceremony distributing the branches among their followers. There was, also, much banqueting and sacrificing and singing and dancing. The Chinese and Japanese set out at dawn on New Year's Day with costly gifts for one another.

Our custom of celebrating the New Year is centuries old, having begun with the ancient cattle-keeping tribes of Germany, who divided the year according to the seasons, the winter, or New Year, beginning about the middle of November when snow falls, water freezes, and the cattle can no longer remain outside. Thus compelled to completely change their summer habits, the beginning of this change was celebrated by a joyous festival when all the people returned to their huts after the long season with their flocks and herds and harvest-gathering. Their celebration of the New Year at this time continued until Germanicus, in the year 14, surprised them in the midst of their revelry and took them all captive. The invasion of the Romans brought Roman customs which were slowly adopted, their festivities reaching their height at Martinmas, which had been substituted by the Christians (as was their custom when they could not abolish pagan rites to weave them into Christian ceremonies)

for the Vinalia, or Feast of Bacchus, retaining, however, the eating, drinking, and revelry of the wine-flowing feast. So in the sixth century the festival of St. Martin, which is celebrated on the anniversary of his death, November eleventh, replaced the old German New Year, thus giving the beginning of the year a fixed date instead of depending upon the changes of nature and temperature as had hitherto prevailed, and New Year's Day and Martinmas soon became identical, the custom fast spreading to Gaul and Britain.

Well earned was St. Martin's cognomen of "The Drunken Saint." Great bonfires were built of brush and trees and called "St. Martin's Fires." One of the favorite games, called "St. Martin's Game," was to place two wild boars in an inclosure while the vast throng of merry-makers gathered on the outside to watch them tear each other to pieces, after which the carcasses were cut up and the meat divided among the spectators, the choicest cuts going to the office-holders.

On Martinmas Eve, or New Year's Eve, the devil was allowed free play—stories of his powers were related; tricks played and attributed to his machinations; and children, stealing to doors, peered into the darkness to let the "delightful shivers of fear" run up and down their backs. Everything was reckoned from Martinmas, it being customary to say, "He has helped to eat many a St. Martin's goose," instead of, "He has lived many years."

The custom of bestowing gifts is ascribed to King Tatius, who, on the first day of the year, B. C. 747, received branches of vervain gathered from the sacred grove of Streuna, goddess of strength. Then in ancient times New Year gifts were called streuna, and in later times the emperors exacted tribute from their subjects of a pound of gold as STREUNA. When the magistrates entered office they were presented with New Year gifts as tokens of congratulations, but later they demanded them. The usual gifts were figs and dates covered with gold leaf, and a bag of money. This "forced generosity" continued until prohibited by Claudius, but in the early ages of the Church, the

Christian emperors again revived the old pagan custom, notwithstanding they were sternly criticized by the ecclesiastical councils.

It appears that a foundation for the feast of Janus, the deity supposed to preside over open doors, and therefore over the opening of the New Year, was laid as early as Romulus, but was not established until the tyrant, Numa Pompilius, succeeded to the throne, and added two more months to the ten of the previous division of the calendar, calling the first one Januarius. In accordance with the Julian calendar, which was accepted in 46 B. C., it was decided that the festival of Martinmas, with all its Vinalian tone, should be transferred to January first. Besides the bacchanalia, the day was spent in greetings and good wishes for the New Year, and the presenting of gifts was again popularized.

Out of gratitude to nature, the English observed March twenty-fifth as the beginning of the New Year, and in his feudal hall the lord made merry drinking from the famous wassail. Calling his family, friends, and followers around the bowl he drank their health, and each in turn drank his with the words, "Wass heile, my Lord!" This custom is a remnant of the early Greek and Roman Grace-Cup, and not, as many suppose, established from the time Rowena presented the cup to Vortigern with a "wacht heil" (to your health). Gifts of oranges stuck with cloves, apples skewered on three sticks in the form of a tripod, and gilded nutmegs, were exchanged, but the customary gift was gloves, and later, when rough, hand-made pins replaced the unwieldy skewers of bone and wood, they made very acceptable presents; the money spent for them or given to purchase them was called "pin-money."

In the sixteenth century the customs of giving were numerous and preposterous. Henry VIII extorted gifts and by this "system of royal taxation" Queen Elizabeth filled her jewel caskets and supplied her extensive wardrobe. Happily this thievery was destroyed during the Commonwealth.

Scotland, the "land of mist and mystery," celebrated its New Year, or Hogomany, with greatest preparation



and innumerable customs. Houses were sprinkled with *Usque Cashriche*, "water from the dead and living ford," as homage to the good genii, the hoghmen; "Smuch-dans" of juniper bows were made, and the houses (all members of the families remaining indoors) were fumigated, and even the animals and fowls were subjected to this lachrymose custom; dishes of "mete and drynke" were set "by nighte on the benche to fede Alholde or Gobelyn," and keep hunger from the door.

"Drinking in" the New Year with spiced ale obtained until only a few years ago. Just before midnight a "het pint" was prepared, and on the stroke of twelve each member of the family drank "a good health and a happy New Year and many of them." Poorer families carrying be-ribboned bowls begged from house to house for contributions of the ale that they too might drink wassail, and children swathed in sheets forming huge bags, begged crackers and cheese for their Hogomany.

After the midnight hour the older members of the families ran to their neighbors carrying with them their "het pints," it being a part of Scotch philosophy to share one's goods with his neighbor, and deeming it an ill omen to carry anything out of the house before bringing something in.

*Take out, then take in,  
Bad luck will begin;  
Take in, then take out,  
Good luck comes about.*

This custom of visiting neighbors received the name of "First Footing" since the first foot to cross the threshold after midnight was portentous of what the New Year held in store. Young men "first footers" held the right to kiss the daughters of the household, this oftentimes leading to their claiming them as brides. In Edinburgh the streets were thronged with jovial, rollicking "first footers" exchanging sips of hot spiced ale, cake offerings, buns, and short bread; and singing and dancing. Unfortunately this custom, wherein so much good feeling was abroad, was abolished in 1811 on account of the thefts, atrocities, and brutality indulged in by rowdies.

"Jour d' Etrennes," as the New Year is called in Paris, is celebrated more universally among the French than with

us, it being *the* gift day of the year, indulged in by young and old. On New Year's Eve children place their shoes on the fender, expecting them to be filled with "goodies" in the morning. The principal gifts are bon bons, cakes, and pastry, and at this time, the Rue des Lombardes out-parisians the Parisians in the variety, excellence, and novelty of its confections.

It seems that our New Year of today has resolved itself into what Lord Chesterfield termed "a time when the kindest and warmest wishes were exchanged without the least meaning, and the most lying day in the whole year."

Undoubtedly the custom of New Year's gifts originated among the heathen in their observance of the New Year, but how grossly has it been abused among the civilized and Christian nations! The watch meetings and midnight services are a remnant of the old superstition left in the civilized heart from the time when our forefathers, with drawn swords, sat upon the roofs of the houses, and prognosticated the good or bad things the coming year held in store; or knelt upon a cow-hide at the cross-roads listening for oracles. Our custom of decorating the home with branches of trees may be traced to the beautiful times when the ancient Romans hung their dwellings with branches of laurel and evergreen as an omen of good luck. Much to be lamented is the discontinuance of the old Dutch custom introduced at New Amsterdam, of making New Year's calls and serving New Year's cake to callers, for it seems that all the imaginative ceremonies, and customs of good fellowship have disappeared, and our modern New Year retains only a semblance of the grotesque Martinmas performances, with eating and drinking as the favorite pastime and the rowdiness that characterized the Edinburgh "First Footing," not missing.

It would be a New Year, truly, if all of us RESOLVED to respect the creations of nature, protect our dumb animals and birds, care for the hundreds of neglected and hungry children, and help in the uplifting of unfortunate humanity while we "drinc wacht hael," and extend the hand of good fellowship for a Happy New Year.

# Why Man of Today is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient.

By WALTER GRIFFITH



IF ONE were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American Man, because the race is swifter every day, competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman, because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to a stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough

clinkers have accumulated, and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it, in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine, because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself, as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating

through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent efficient.

Now this waste I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M. D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M. D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

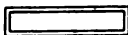
Now the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though every one should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

While this subject cannot be treated exhaustively in this article, Chas. A. Tyrrell, M. D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of Today Is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient," which treats the subject very exhaustively and which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this article in *Out West*.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.



# TAFT *and* OIL



By L. W. Sharp

Photos by Glendenon Co., Taft

Editor of "The Midway Driller"



FROM a meager settlement on the "outskirts of civilization" to a busy town of 3500 people, with all the conveniences of the modern city, is the record of the growth of Taft during the past four years.

As the business center of the Midway oil field—which has the world's record for size and output—the town has grown on a scale in keeping with its wonderful surroundings. Naturally the secret of this growth has been the tremendous activity in and development of the rich oil lands. Taft kept pace with those operations—it had to. Business houses sprang up over-night. True, they were not elaborate or modern structures. There wasn't time for that. The demand for the different lines of business was so urgent that "four walls and a roof" were often made to answer. It was the replica of the regulation boom town, with the one exception that it had such a rich and extensive country behind it that its stability and permanence was assured. So great was the rush and so crowded the conditions that the casual visitor was fortunate to secure bed and board.

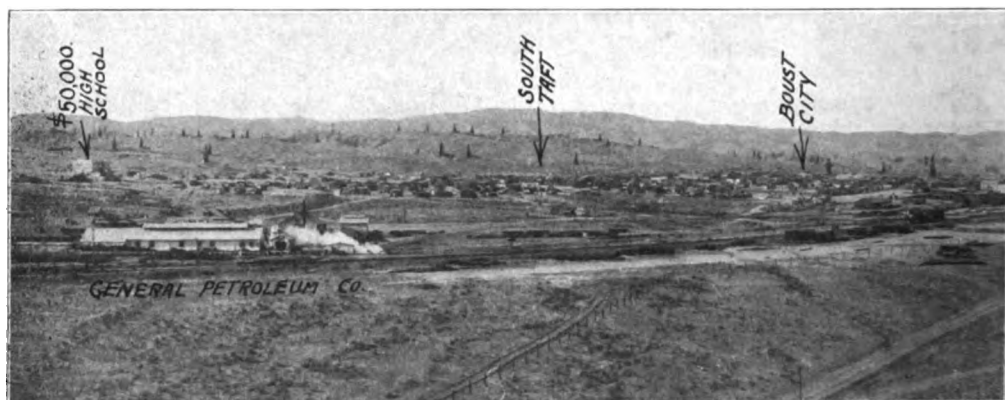
Early in 1909 Taft consisted of a half dozen small business buildings located along the right-

of-way of the Sunset Western railroad. Its population numbered forty-three souls. In the fall of that year the entire settlement was wiped out by fire. At this time the Southern Pacific Company, operating the Sunset Western, platted a townsite on the north side of the railroad and placed it on the market. This was given the name of Moron. At the same time J. W. Jamison leased a tract, laid out a townsite and sub-leased business and residence lots. Then began a spirited rivalry in town building. Some of the pioneers cast their lots with the one side, some with the other. The same was true as to the new-comers, and the race was an even thing until, in September, 1910, a disastrous fire wiped out the larger portion of the business section of the south side town. This turned the scale in favor of the north side, and while a few business firms and numerous residents remain on the south side, the substantial growth and improvement has been on the railroad townsite. A controlling factor in this is that the north side real property may be purchased instead of leased.

From this time an era of substantial town building followed. Concrete and brick structures crowded out light frame shacks, until



A Busy Day on Center Street, Taft



A New Panoramic View of Taft, Looking West

today the town boasts of its share of the better class of buildings.

■ Illustrating the spirit of the townspeople is their action regarding the postoffice. Departmental provisions were woefully inadequate. To remedy the lack a concrete postoffice building was erected and entirely equipped by popular subscription during the first year of the town's growth.

With a precocity characteristic of this lusty infant, a proposal for local government was unanimously accepted, and in November, 1910, the town became a municipality, its official title being City of Taft. It was not until December, 1911, however, when the Sunset Western railroad passed to the control of the Santa Fe, that the confusing station name of Moron was dropped.

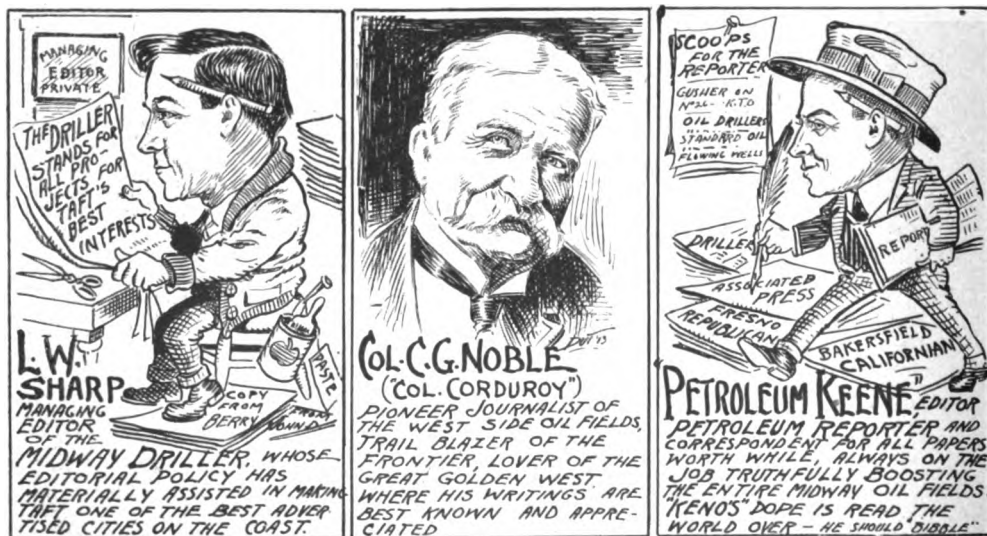
In its early days the town's domestic water supply was a serious question. It was served by being shipped here in tank cars, to be peddled

from house to house by tank wagons. Water, at that time, was about as expensive as flour. This condition was greatly relieved through the organization, by public-spirited citizens, of the Taft Public Utilities Company, which laid the town under a system of water mains and laterals and gave it its first fire protection. The supply was received by rail and pumped into a large storage tank.

Another progressive step was the installing of an electric lighting system, which, though not on an extensive scale, took the town out of the kerosene class.

Advantage was taken, about this time, of one of the vicinity's great natural resources, when the present West Side Gas Company brought the town under a natural gas supply system for light and heat.

Not long afterward the San Joaquin Light & Power Corporation extended its great system to this field, absorbed the former electric plant,



Three Live Boosters of the West Side Press Club



Made by Glendon Co. for OUT WEST



and now has here one of its large sub-stations. Light and power is thus supplied the town and field in abundance. The quantity of electrical energy consumed in field work—pumping and drilling oil wells—is tremendous.

Another important step in the town's progress was the securing of an abundant water supply. This is provided by the system of the Western Water Company. At its No. 1 station, twelve miles distant, several deep wells were sunk. A twelve-inch line was run to its No. 2 station at Taft, and a huge storage tank was erected on a hill south of town. The big pumps of the plant furnish an unlimited supply, the larger part of which is used for drilling purposes throughout the field.

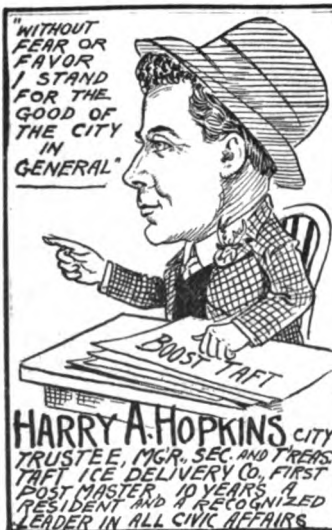
Harking back to the pioneer days of Taft, its

crudity was shown in its public service corporations. The railroad station consisted of a box car, where were conducted not only the passenger and freight business, but Wells-Fargo Express and Western Union Telegraph offices as well. Since then the railroad and the express companies have built commodious office buildings, and the telegraph office is housed in the center of the town. An idea of the congested condition of railroad business at that time is shown by the fact that during 1910 the local station was the third in the State in volume of business handled.

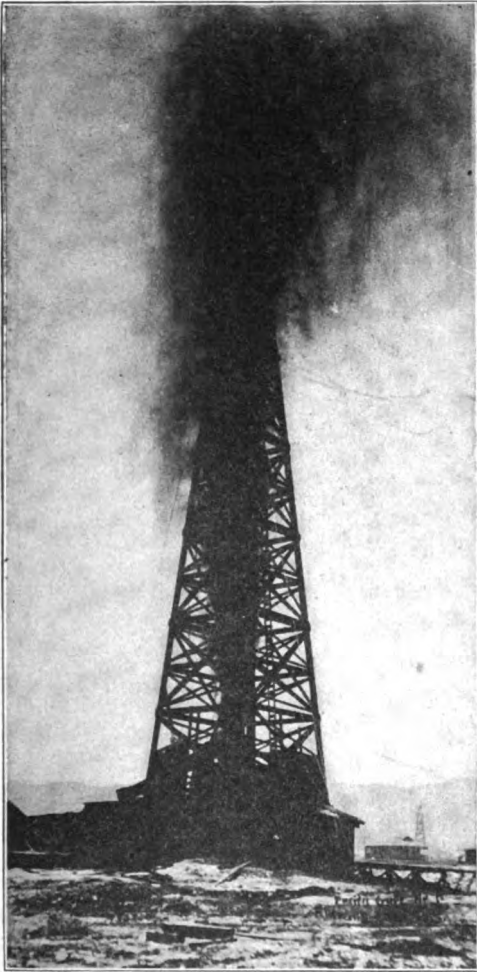
It would have been impossible to conduct the town and field activities without the quickest means of communication. This was provided early by the Kern Mutual Telephone Company.







Cartoonistic Impressions of Taft's Public Spirited City Officials



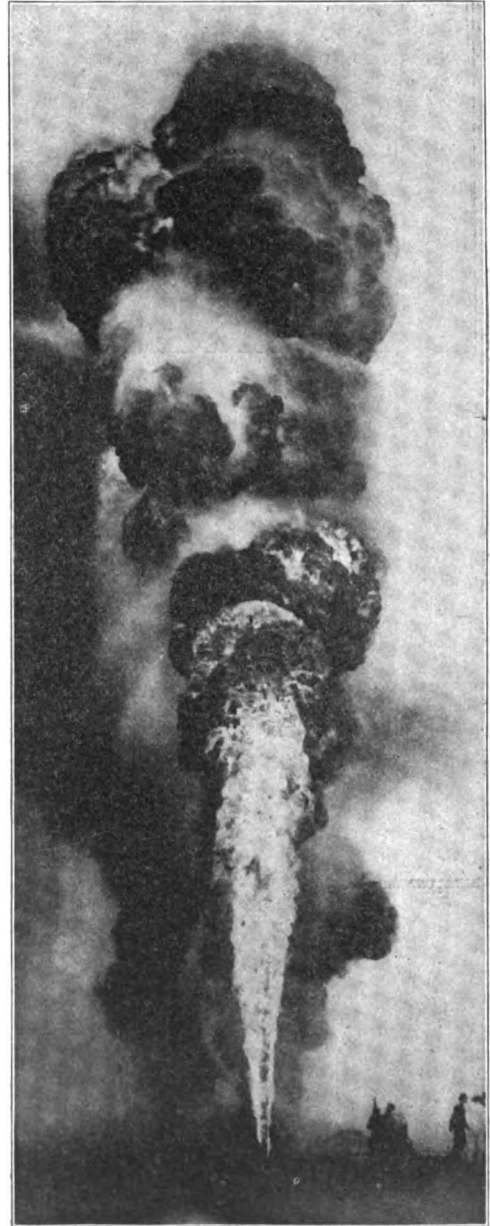
**Pacific Crude No. 1, gushing 15,000 bbls. of oil daily, before it caught fire.**

which installed a system connecting the different communities of the West Side oil fields with the lines of the Pacific system. As its business increased, the Kern Mutual kept pace by means of modern equipment, which is housed in its fine concrete building.

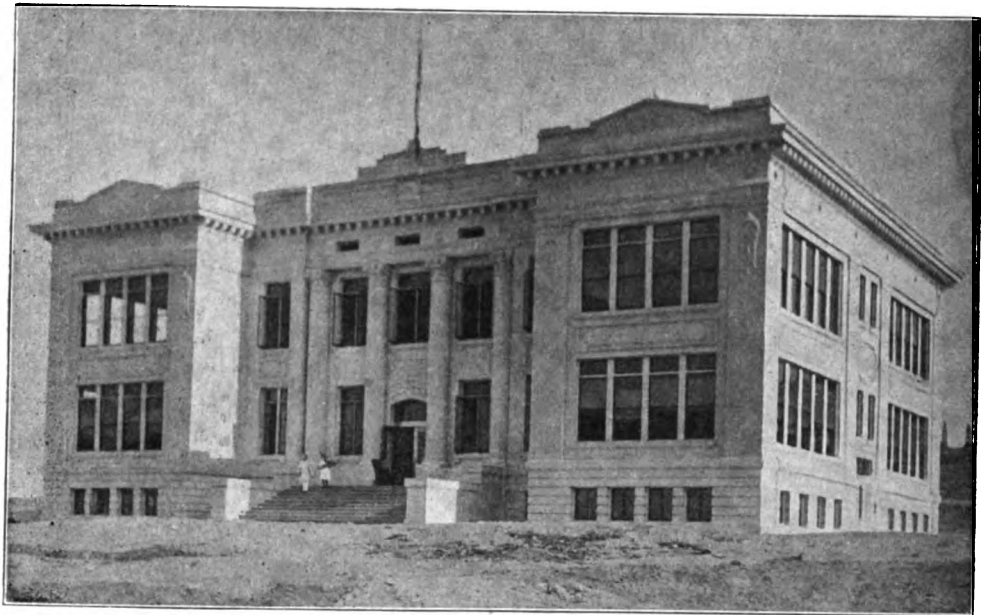
No truer index of the progress and permanence of a town is to be had than in its public schools. In 1908 the Conley school district was organized, the number of census children of the locality being eighteen. Two years later two teachers were employed. In 1912 ten teachers were required. A splendid brick school house of eight class-rooms and assembly hall was erected at a cost of \$50,000, but this was not sufficient. A second brick building, of five rooms, costing \$30,000, has just been completed and occupied. The school system includes a high school, and two other schools are maintained in the immediate vicinity. The corps of teachers employed numbers nineteen.

With an elevation of 1000 feet, and its pure, dry air, Taft is ideally situated from a health standpoint. The summer months are warm, but lack of humidity prevents oppressiveness, while the nights are uniformly cool and really pleasant.

To assist Nature in keeping the health standard up to the highest point, the city recently installed a complete sewer system and septic tanks at a cost of \$25,000.



**Pacific Crude No. 1, after it caught fire.**



Taft's new \$50,000 High School building.



TAFT BUSINESS BOOSTERS IN CARICATURE



South side of Center Street, looking West from Fourth Street.

Another splendid municipal improvement is a high-pressure fire system, just completed. It is entirely separate from the domestic mains. Unlimited water and pressure, with a complete equipment of apparatus, gives fullest protection in this regard.

Taft's religious life is represented by three

churches—Catholic, Presbyterian and Methodist—each having its house of worship.

Fraternal orders are well represented. There are two fine, large lodge rooms, each of which is occupied nearly every night in the week. One of these halls is a splendid two-story brick, erected during the past few months, by the



Taft Catholic Church.

Taft Odd Fellows lodge. The other is in a large concrete building, built by Smith Brothers three years ago.

In all business lines Taft is well represented with excellent stocks. At the head of the business life is the First National Bank, which occupies its excellent brick building. The bank's business record would do justice to a much larger place.

The leading hotels are modern, fireproof structures. Two theatres are supported, also one daily and three weekly newspapers.

Being an incorporated city, Taft's public affairs are administered by a board of five trustees, who are: H. E. Smith, chairman, J. W. Ragesdale, H. A. Hopkins, E. L. Burnham and S. J. Dunlop. The other officials are: F. P. Bolstad, clerk; F. W. O'Brien, treasurer; Fred L. Seybolt, attorney; E. L. Eiland, marshal; Sam'l C. Birchard, recorder.

In many ways Taft, as a town, is a wonder. It is lively, yet orderly, busy, bustling and progressive. In this it reflects the temper of its citizens—those who came here and builded a modern city, in four short years, where before was only desert sand and sagebrush.

And behind it all is the quest for the "black gold." This glimpse of the past and present is being written from the top of the Mariposa, a modern three-story hotel, where a glorious sunshine mellows the crisp ocean breeze, and from where, in every direction, as far as the eye can reach, is a myriad of oil well derricks, each in itself representing a small fortune. Their total number represents a sum that in its immensity staggers the imagination and shows how keen and extensive is the search for oil. Such are Taft's surroundings, and she is a fitting center and setting for this busy, energetic and wonderful field.



EACH AND EVERY ONE A LIVE WIRE





### MARIPOSA HOTEL

How few of those who enjoy the luxuries of a modern hotel realize the magnitude of the task imposed upon its management. The Mariposa Hotel, nearing completion, is the most modern in equipment in the county of Kern. Every conceivable appointment has been provided in way of physical features of this hostelry, all conspiring to impress every class of guests to whom the management caters. Mr. Charles A. Fox, proprietor and manager, has erected the Mariposa Hotel at an expense of \$50,000. Mr. Fox is a pioneer of Taft and the West Side oil fields, whose optimism and business judgment has won for him the appellation

of "Taft's Biggest Booster." There are 100 rooms, 50 with private bath, and shower baths in every room. Spacious sample rooms for the commercial traveler, elevator service, roof garden, with summer rooms for the comfort of guests during the hot months.

The spacious lobby is a favorite gathering place for guests, as well as leading citizens of Taft. Mr. Fox is a hotel man of recognized ability who has made a marked success of the business whose energy and capital has made a home for the tourist whose taste calls for everything up-to-date, and the comfort afforded the guests in this modern hostelry has made it one of the most popular in the State.



First National Bank of Taft



# BLACK GOLD of THE DESERT

By A. M. Keene  
Editor of the Petroleum Reporter

**M**ANY with a knowledge of Petroleum are aware of the fact that California produces more than one-fourth of the entire oil output of the world, but there are few who are conversant with the great growth of the Midway-Sunset fields from an insignificant desert stretch to its present forest of derricks, which yearly turn out more oil, ranging from 12 to 30 gravity, than any other field in the world.

A dozen years ago the district, which is 30 miles long by less than a dozen miles wide, was being prospected, with here and there a claim being staked, and the holder looking forward to a time when the black gold of the desert would bring him in a fortune. At that time the wind-swept wastes, burned by the hot blasts which swept over them, bore nothing but sagebrush. Water was at a premium, and drilling was almost out of the question because of the necessity of hauling all fuel and supplies many miles.

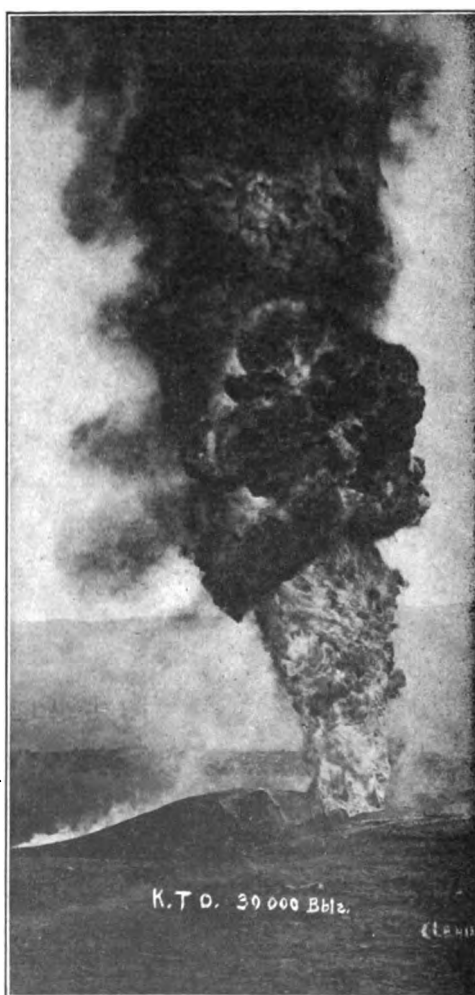
Wildcats were drilled and some little oil was encountered, but no boom was really apparent until the Lakeview Gusher came in with its flow, which filled sumps for miles around and caused an over-production which brought a lowering in the price of oil to a point where it hardly paid to produce.

Later the Midway, far from the Lakeview

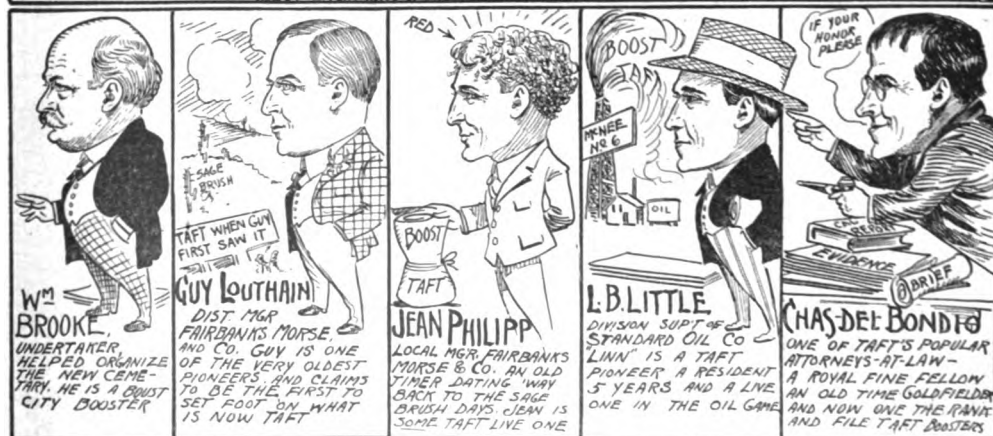
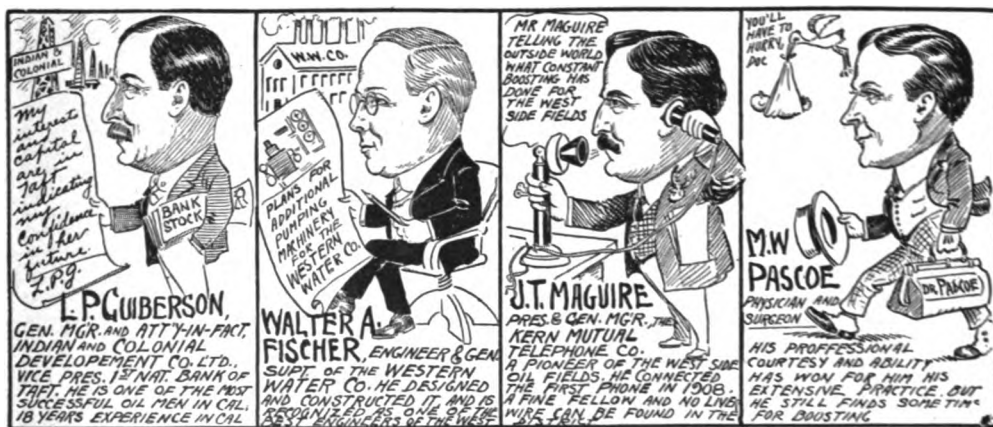
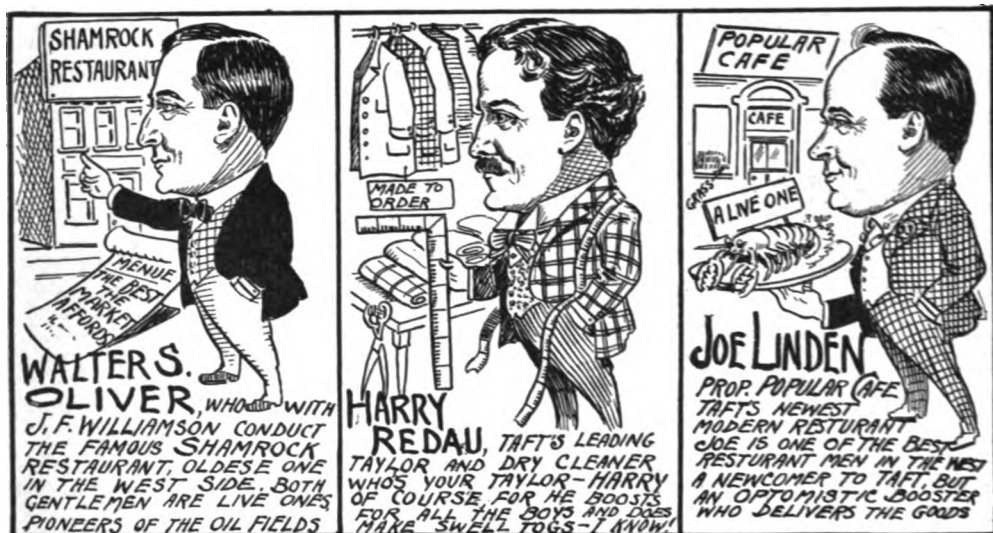
well, came into prominence, with the Buick Oil Company going into an entirely new sand on section 32, 31-23. The big well spouted for days with much oil being wasted. The Buick No. 3 demonstrated that the big sand was still of productive value when it also spouted over the derrick. Later the Pacific Crude on the same section found the valuable sand with the result that three of the world's greatest wells have been flowing there, intermittently, for the past two years.



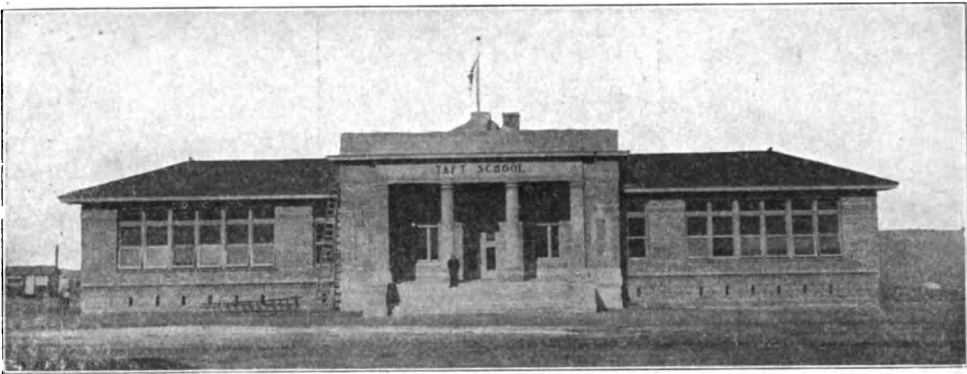
**R.B. DICK WHITEMORE**  
ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF TAFT  
AND AGT. FOR THE S.P.R.R. CO.  
TOWNSITE (LAND DEPT.). DICK  
ASSISTED IN PLATTING AND  
PROMOTING THE TOWN AND HAS  
SEEN THE RESULTS OF HIS EFFORTS



**K. T. O. No. 2, burning 30,000 barrels a day, extinguished by chemicals.**



PIONEER BUILDERS OF THE HUSTLING CITY OF TAFT



One of Taft's modern Public School buildings.

Smaller gusher territories were discovered later on section 32, 12-23, and on section 4, 11-23, in the Sunset field, but they have proven short lived because of the wells in nearly every instance sanding or giving over to a production of much water along with the oil.

The development of the North Midway territory in the neighborhood of Fellows brought about a great production of heavy oil, which, combined with the great output of the wells in the vicinity of Taft and Maricopa, caused the Standard to taboo it in 1912. This put a blueness over the entire territory with more than a score of companies being compelled to shut down until a market could be found for their production of less than eighteen gravity oil.

For months this condition existed, the only outlook for the operators to dispose of their oil being with the Independent Agency, which some were loath to sign up with. Oil conditions kept going steadily backward, with some being wont to say that the oil game was gone entirely.

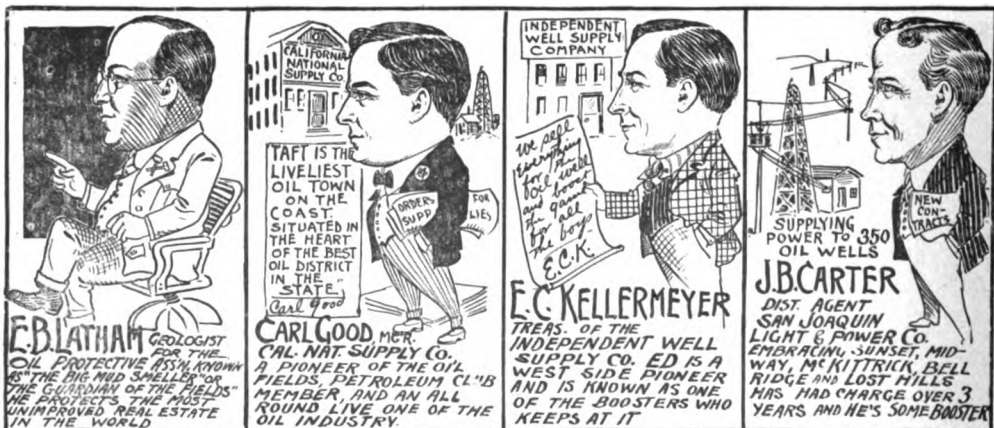
In August, 1913, the Standard got two big gushers on the old McNee lease on section 36, 31-23. This increased the over-production and

brought about the report that all oil under 21.9 gravity would be tabooed along with the less than 18.

At every oil camp there was a shaking of heads and a feeling that the bad news of months before was steadily getting worse.

1 November this condition changed, for the Standard began contracting for heavy oil, with contracts being offered right and left. The Monte Cristo, after two years' idleness, was the first signed, with the Le Blanc, Reward, and others, following in a few days. This dispelled all blueness and operators, who had been hunting for a market, instead of endeavoring to sell hung to the oil in some instances for better prices.

The opening of the Panama Canal is believed to be one of the main causes of the feeling that there is a bright future for the California oil industry, and with the Standard now buying heavy oil the general opinion expressed by all operators conversant with field movements is that the oil game never looked better. The black gold of the desert has had its days of struggling, but from every appearance is now coming into its own.



TAFT LIVE WIRES. WHY? THEY BOOST!

# Kern County Oil Protective Association

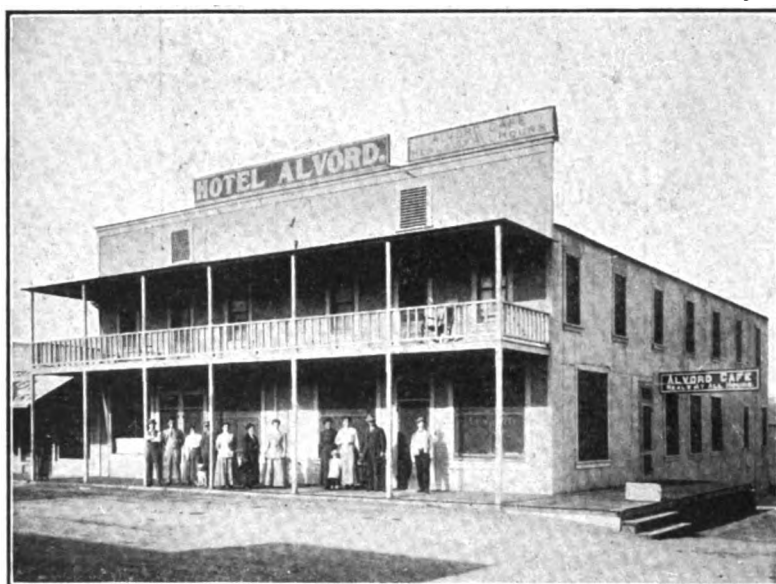
By E. B. Latbam  
Geologist for the Kern County Oil Protective Association

As the center of the West Side Oilfields, the technical offices of the Kern County Oil Protective Association are located in Taft.

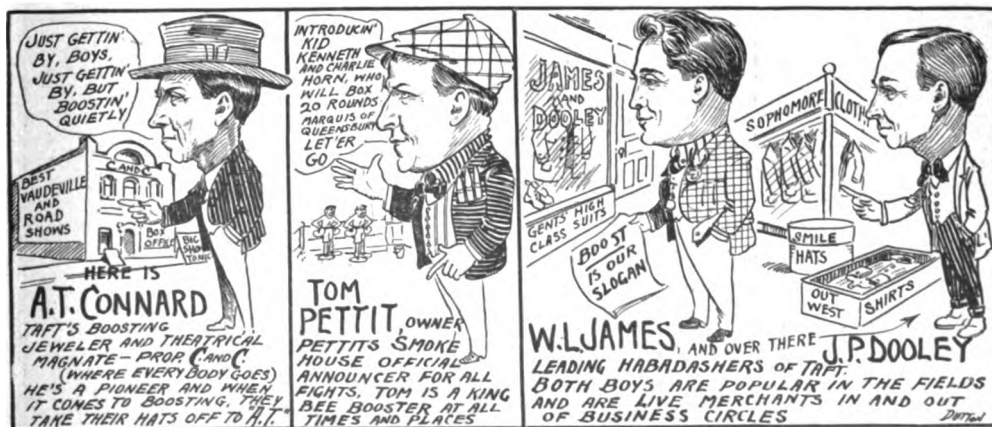
This association is probably the first concerted effort ever made by oil operators in any oil field to protect undrilled territory from destruction by the infiltration of water into the oil sands. This peril is so very real that practically all the producing companies formed this co-operative

association to inspect and check the work carried on and to point out errors, if any occur, while there is yet time to remedy mistakes, and before the wells are "brought in."

An oil field lives until it is drowned. Before the drill reaches the oil sands it pierces from one to many sands bearing water. Unless adequate measures are taken, the water uses the pipe as a funnel, and runs down into the oil sands, with



Alvord Hotel, Taft; J. W. Ragesdale, manager.



AND STILL MORE LIVE ONES—SKETCHED FROM LIFE



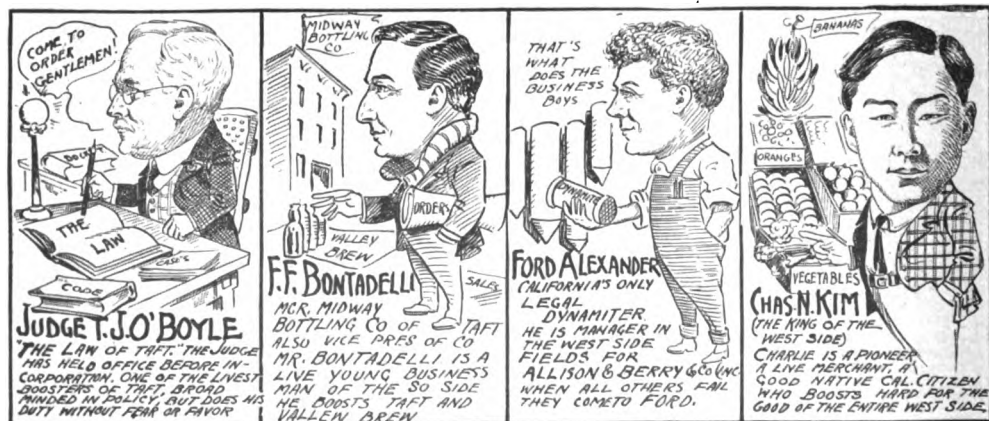
the result that the fluid pumped contains an ever increasing percentage of water. Finally this condition gets so bad that the well is not profitable to pump.

If only the well at fault suffered, it would not be so bad, but the water once admitted to the oil sands spreads and great areas of good land become ruined.

All the well logs and records of the operators are sent to the office of the association at Taft, where they are indexed, classified, plotted to

scale on geological cross sections, etc. Whenever a new well is to be drilled, an operator can at once secure from the association an estimate which is surprisingly accurate as to the depth to oil and to water sands, and hence knows what to anticipate and can make his drilling plans accordingly.

During its existence the association has been the means of saving hundreds of thousands of dollars in several instances in foreseeing trouble and in suggesting corrections.



ANOTHER PAGE OF NEVER-CEASING TAFT BOOSTERS



# MARICOPA, A Permanent City of The Great West Side Oil Fields

By Maxwell Longfellow

Photos from Mott Studio, Maricopa

**J**ANUARY 1st, 1914, finds Maricopa starting in on a new era of prosperity overshadowing any of the previous booms which made the little oil town of the past a teeming center of the great West Side oil fields, filled with men, mostly single, and when not employed, endeavoring to spend their money seeking pleasures, which were afforded them in the metropolis of the great Sunset Midway district. From a few tents and shacks in 1908 located on the property, now known as the Gate City Oil Company's lease, the camp of Maricopa has grown to a lively city of 2,000 souls, with five blocks of permanent business houses, surrounded with the residence district where modern houses and cottages have replaced the tents and shacks of the old camp.

The business district is in keeping with any city in the State of more than double the population of Maricopa, and is steadily growing along with the developments which are being made in the oil fields surrounding to secure the

wealth of oil which brought the hardy adventurers across the forty miles of desert in the early days. Two banks take care of the financial needs of the city. Both were organized by local capitalists and occupy beautiful buildings built especially for their needs. The West Side Water Company furnishes the city with pure mountain water, piped from the upper Cuyama Valley for a distance of forty miles, thus eliminating the discomforts caused by impure drinking water usually found in oil and desert towns. Gas is furnished for fuel by the West Side Gas Company, and electricity is supplied by the San Joaquin Light & Power Company. Both of these commodities are had for a nominal price and add to many conveniences afforded the people. Six good hotels and scores of rooming houses and second-rate hotels take care of the transient trade and the oil workers who come in to spend a few days after working for months on the oil leases. Forty mercantile houses and business places afford the residents and oil men a large assort-



A busy day in Maricopa, Main and California streets.

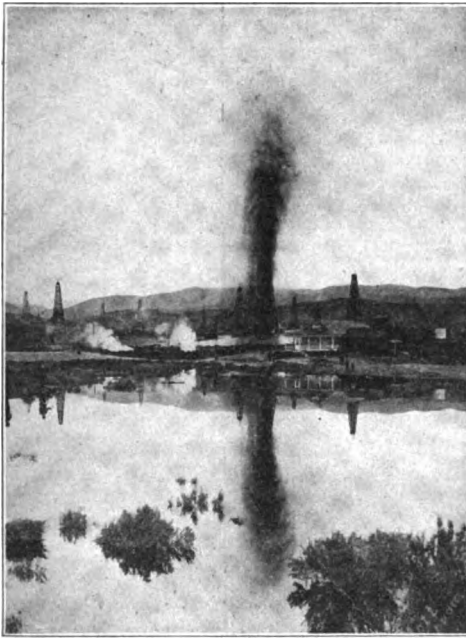




MARICOPA'S PUBLIC SPIRITED CITY OFFICIALS IN CARICATURE

ment of merchandise, and many of the stores are far ahead of those found ordinarily in cities of double the population. Three supply houses handle the equipment necessary for drilling oil wells and maintaining power plants. Three machine shops enable the oil operators to have all kinds of machine work and repairing done at home. Three garages keep the thousands of automobiles used in connection with the oil game supplied with necessities. Two churches, one a Protestant and the other a Catholic, furnish the residents with social and spiritual life. Two schools in which fourteen teachers are employed give the city educational advantages

enjoyed by few places of its size. The High School is maintained in a separate building from the Grammar School, which houses all of the lower grades. A weekly newspaper, *The Maricopa Oil News*, devoted to Maricopa and the oil business in general, serves as a news and advertisement medium to the public. Two drug stores give the patrons the best of service, and compete for the oil-field trade. Automobile stage lines to all of the leases furnish the people living in the oil fields with means of transportation to and from their place of residence. The Sunset Railroad, now operated by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Company, operates four



**The famous Lakeview Gusher in May, 1910.**

passenger trains daily between Maricopa and Bakersfield, giving the people of the west side of Kern County excellent service and maintaining a schedule which makes connections with all of the through Los Angeles and San Francisco trains possible without a long tedious wait.

The Cable and Rotary Club, recently organized, is taking a prominent part in the social life of the community. The club is made up of oil operators, superintendents and Maricopa business men. New quarters have been secured and will be furnished luxuriously, giving the city one of the finest club-houses in the State.

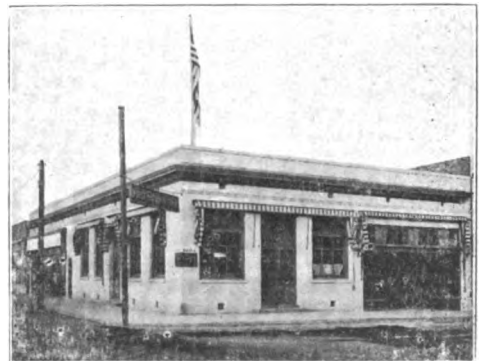
In the way of manufactories, the city lays claim to the Asphaltum refinery, of the Sunset Monarch Oil Company, the Sunset Monarch Machine Shop, where everything in the way of oil-well apparatus is made, the General Petroleum Asphalt refinery, the Connors Auto and Spring Wagon Factory, and many lesser factories where appliances are made to fill the wants of those engaged in the oil business.

Fourteen years ago this month the first oil well was started in the Sunset field, near Sunset, one and a half miles from Maricopa. The deposits of asphaltum located at that point had been worked for several years. The heavy base material was mined and refined to separate it from the oil, which was considered worthless at that time. The asphaltum was then hauled by teams and wagons to Bakersfield, a distance of forty-five miles through the alkali desert. At first crude kettles were used for the refining purpose, but later an asphalt still was installed by Jewett and Blodgett, a firm engaged in the asphalt business. The first oil well to be started was financed by a Pittsburg syndicate. The well was drilled in on Good Friday, April 13th,

1900. After carrying the hole down 1000 feet it was abandoned until eight years later when the owners started drilling again, and after going only ten feet deeper, struck a good flow of oil. In the meantime Jewett and Blodgett drilled several wells and others started developing their holdings, and from that time on the Sunset field developed rapidly. Then came the Sunset Railroad, making it possible for the operators to get supplies at a nominal cost, and the oil business was given great stimulus through the wide market it made for the products. Later developments started on the Maricopa flat, and large gushers of light oil were struck, making the owners wealthy in a single day. Then came the great Lakeview gusher, which established a world's record for any one well. For eighteen months the well produced an average of 50,000 barrels per day. Maricopa was then the Mecca for the followers of the frontier life, and resembled the great mining camps of the early days. Then came a period of dullness in the oil business caused by the over-production made by the Lakeview and other large gushers. The business of the great frontier town started settling down to a more conservative basis, and the fly-by-night grafters took the road for better fields. Drillers and superintendents started preparing homes on the oil leases for their families, and within a short time many women and children appeared, and the town took on a more permanent aspect. The city was incorporated to give it the benefits



**California Street, Maricopa.**



**First National Bank of Maricopa.**



PEN SKETCHES OF MARICOPA'S HISTORY-MAKERS

derived from local government. With the local government came better order and fire protection. Later a sewer built by private capital, but soon afterwards taken over by the city. A great fire was then visited upon the city. The temporary crude buildings built to house the earlier business firms were all destroyed, and to succeed them modern brick and concrete buildings were erected. A hospital was built to

take care of the sick and injured in the field, and a Board of Health was given control of the sanitation of the city. Then came a period of steady growth, and the city now ranks third in size in the county.

The oil business has been improving steadily, and more territory has been proven up, making the Sunset field one of the foremost in the State by way of production. Great pipe lines have

## MORE LIVE-WIRE BOOSTERS OF MARICOPA



been built to carry the fluid from the wells to the coast, where it is refined or shipped to foreign countries. These have given the small operator a chance to market his products at a profitable figure and stimulate the development of the industry.

Not alone on the oil business is Maricopa dependent. The great Cuyama Valley, one of the richest agricultural districts of this rich county, has been settled by a hardy class of tillers of the soil, and the farmers of the Valley supply the entire west side with all kinds of farm products, which bring top prices. The great Perkins ranch of 20,000 acres is about to be subdivided and sold off in small tracts to bona fide settlers. This will mean the development of a great territory, which will have Maricopa for its base of supplies.

A highway is under construction from Maricopa to Ventura and Santa Barbara, which will give the people of the lower end of the San Joaquin Valley an outlet through Maricopa to the Coast, through one of the most picturesque countries found in the State. The highway will be completed some time this year, and will make it possible for auto parties to get to the seashore in a three-hours drive, cutting off four hours from the time taken at present by the Tejon canyon route.

That the city is destined to be a far larger and more prosperous center in the next few years, is assured from the constant discovery of new oil strata at greater depths than where the wells of the past have been securing their production. In the past year hardly a section of the field remains that has not had a new sand developed. This means that the oil business will continue good, for as the old wells become unprofitable to operate, they are re-drilled and sunk deeper to new sands, which prove richer in gravity as well as production. No limit can be placed upon the width of the territory; for drilling is going on in every direction, and new discoveries are being made almost every day. The market for the crude

products is assuming a better aspect as more large companies are entering the field as marketers of the product. Two large foreign companies recently acquired interests in the vicinity, and are stimulating the production end by offering better prices. This, together with the Producers Agency and the Standard Oil Company, is securing for the operator a permanent as well as a profitable market.



Business section of Main Street, Maricopa.

The city boasts a Board of Trade and a Merchants' Association, which are securing for it better conditions in a business way. The merchants and business men, as well as the oil

operators and superintendents, take much pride in their city, and need only to be called upon to secure their assistance toward bettering any condition which may need their help.



Kern Street, Maricopa.



## Why I Love the Sea

By Eber G. Browne

*You ask why I love the sea?—  
She is limitless, unconfined  
By imprisoning hold of barrier bold,  
Like the reach of the restless mind.*

*You ask why I love the sea?—  
She bespeaketh unmeasured power;  
Her waves, as they ride on the wings of the tide,  
Re-echo Eternity's dower.*

*You ask why I love the sea?—  
She singeth a blithsome song  
Of the rich returns that commerce earns,  
As she beareth her ships along.*

*You ask why I love the sea?—  
She chanteth a direful dirge  
For the souls of those in deep repose  
Far under the salt-sea-surge.*

# The INDUSTRIES of Los Angeles



*By Stanley Wood*



It is natural that agriculture should be, and is the pre-eminent occupation of the world. It is so throughout the United States, and it is so, to come still closer to home, in Los Angeles County. With a soil so productive as that with which we have been blessed in the West, the farmer will always be with us, and he will always be prosperous.

However, it just as naturally follows that with this prosperity and its consequently increasing population, we are brought face to face with a problem which we must solve as the same problem has been solved in all growing communities since the beginning of time. We have attracted, and we are daily attracting an influx of population who are not of an agricultural class, and did not come West with the intention of becoming agriculturalists. They, and the generations before them, have been tinkers and tailors, plumbers and pipe-fitters, builders and the like, who expect to find in such a country, with its growing requirements, ample work to which to apply their skill and at the same time enjoy the fact that they can raise their children in the Eden we have advertised in such glowing terms. They are the same people who came from the Atlantic seaboard and Eastern States to help in the up-building of Chicago and Kansas City, to become eventually its pillars and to take part in its government.

Much has been said in Western periodicals of late as to our inadequate plans for taking care of them. Much has been said that can only be classed as the most gross exaggeration, but it has for its foundation a modicum of truth which we must deal with—a stern duty we must meet, and the time is over-ripe for its discussion. There is, in Los Angeles and its vicinity, without doubt, the logical workshop of the West, and it is going to be our aim, through the medium of these columns, to prove this without recourse to the sounding of the thousand and one virtues which Los Angeles is endowed, or with which it has been endowed in our picturesque advertising. Not for one moment are our advertised virtues to be discredited. We merely desire, in a cold, logical fashion to place facts and figures before the man who has a factory, and prove to him that here is the place for his manufacturing. The agriculturist, who has been able to take up some of the rich land which not only provides for himself, but raises and takes care of a husky family to eventually take up the burdens of citizenship, is sufficiently prosperous to be able to look out for himself; but that great army—The Dinner-Bucket Brigade—who come to us with no greater asset than their brawn and brain

and need the accompaniment of the sound of the steam hammer and the automatic riveter to make a success of their lives, now need a champion. Therefore, in-so-far as we are able to do so, these columns are to be dedicated to their interests, and if they but serve the purpose of inducing one more three-hundred man factory to come here we can feel we have done just so much good.

Pre-eminent in this movement, and with a like purpose, is the formation of the new Industrial Bureau by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. In this we have the modern idea of efficiency government—the calibre of work which built for us the Panama Canal and the Owens' River Aqueduct. The personnel of the Bureau consists of the following gentlemen: G. A. Brock, chairman, D. P. N. Little, H. M. Haldeman, Jud Saeger, Q. D. Longyear, W. G. Hutchinson and Charles Wier—all good, solid names—a citizenship which assures the success of any project with which it is connected. Their work has not been started with any blare of trumpets. The first step has been toward the compilation of statistics on our present manufacturing; statistics which are to prove the protection of our Home Industries and which are to convince others of the field for their products when allied with us.

A further object of the Bureau, and one the importance of which must not be minimized, is the inoculation of every citizen, interested in the staple future of Los Angeles, with the idea that Home Products must be first. As was stated to us in a recent interview with Mr. Brock, the best advertisement this city can have as a manufacturing center is to make every industry here so successful that its every competitor will come to survey the field, and the patronage of every business-man and of every housewife will go far toward the accomplishment of this end. From the girders for your new plant to the glassware for your breakfast table get Home Products, and it will not be long before we shall have to call upon the councilman from our ward for a more strict observance of the black-smoke ordinance.

Why should we look to the East for our finished products? Why should our wool, lead, hides, timber, copper, and other raw material make a round trip of from three to five thousand miles before we can have our clothes, shoes, furniture and the bed whereon we sleep—when we are allowed to sleep by a conscience agitated by high cost of living, superinduced by contributions to all the railroads in the directory? To be sure the railroads must live, and they must have the money with which to pay divi-



dends; but let us start paying the double first-class on finished products east-bound and save our fourth-class on the raw stuff. It is just as far from Pittsburg to Los Angeles as it is from Los Angeles to Pittsburg, and there is no reason yet developed for our failure to be a supply-field for the East, at least in such commodities as those made up of our material—no reason except that which lies in our youth, and that is one which we are remedying daily. In fact we are going to convert it into an asset which will have to be counted upon in competition.

Just as these notes are penned, we are advised of contracts which have been let for the erection here of a plant for the manufacture of car wheels by the largest manufacturer of this commodity in the world, whose present headquarters are in Chicago. The plant is to be completed by May next, and, initially, will employ some three hundred men. Its cost is to be in excess of a quarter of a million dollars. Their present output, with factories at Chicago, Denver and Tacoma, supplies between fifty and sixty per cent of the entire requirements of the United States, and the Tacoma plant exports largely to Canada. As soon as the Los Angeles plant is completed, and in operation, they are to supply all the territory adjacent hereto and to enter into the trade of South America and the Orient.

Now this is what we need. If our humble efforts, added to the scientific work of our fellow-citizens of the Industrial Bureau, and the co-operation of every public-spirited member of this growing community, will enable us to report like progress each month, then the exploitation of our present industries, and of the opportunities for new ones, will not be futile, and we can turn the task over to another generation for whose future we have such bright hopes.

#### POINTED PARAGRAPHS

MORE THAN SEVENTY-TWO MILLION PEOPLE, during the year ended December 31, 1913, travelled on the Pacific Electric Railway, Los Angeles' unequalled interurban system. While the returns from freight traffic this past year have been greater than on any similarly operated system in the country, owing to the through-billing arrangement with the Southern Pacific and Salt Lake Systems in the handling of citrus fruits, it is anticipated that gross freight revenues for the calendar year of 1914 will show an astonishing increase after the completion of the line to San Bernardino and the Redlands district, with its volume of branch feeders.

THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR TODAY'S IMMORAL PLAYS lays with the producer, players and public, says Rabbi Stephen S. Wise before the Free Synagogue in Carnegie Hall, New York City, on Sunday, December 21st.

"The producers," he said, "have made the theater mercenary, the players are of such poor education and low morals that they are puppets, while the people are so enslaved to entertainment that if the theaters of New York

should be closed for a week there would be suicides."

All of which is a misstatement as gross as it would be to consider the tortures of the abused stomach of a confirmed alcoholic the physical condition of a universe. The theater is no more mercenary than the grocery store, and the general atmosphere in a present-day crowd of players is as wholesome as the company one would mingle with at the grocery store.

If there is a type of individual so enslaved to theatrical entertainment as to become a despondent suicide when deprived of it, then we are for making the experiment of closing up shop for a week and help start up the new species.

A DUTY, OBLIGATORY ON every manufacturer within the vicinity of Los Angeles, upon every merchant, upon the realty dealers, and upon public-spirited citizens in general, is the hearty support of the Industrial Bureau of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, which was formed under the chairmanship of Mr. G. A. Brock (president of Brock & Co.) November 11, 1913.

Membership in this Bureau, which includes membership fees in the Chamber of Commerce, costs one hundred dollars per annum.

We say this is a duty, but it should not in any sense be considered a donation. Rather let us look upon it as an investment; as "bread cast upon the waters." The object of the Bureau is the protection of Home Products, and the exploitation, where necessary, of our need for manufactories.

Further support—and support of a character that will eventually show the success of such a twentieth-century method of government—can be given them by every citizen in adopting the habit of buying and generally encouraging Home Products.

Southern California can and will become its own producer. What it now lacks we can accord to it by injecting into it that degree of self-confidence that comes of success.

THE CENTER OF POPULATION of the United States, says Charles H. Pierson, editor of the *Edison Current Topics*, and well-known newspaper man, will, at a date not far distant, be much nearer the Pacific Coast than that of the Atlantic; and that with the future before us, it should be within our power to make of Los Angeles the gateway to and from the Far East.

The statement is not, in our opinion, by any means an exaggerated prophesy. Such an eminent transportation authority as Thomas E. Gibbon is on record as emphatically, or more so. With the opportunities now before Los Angeles—its power and water supply practically without limit; its incomparable harbor facilities, and their proposed use as a naval base; its millions of dollars' worth of good roads radiating to every corner of the State—there seems to be no possibility for any other climax than that within your time and ours we shall see Los Angeles ranking as the third city and the second port.

SHIPPING AT SAN PEDRO on December 4, 1913, exceeded that of any other day in last year, and, in fact, exceeded the records of any day for many years.

Eighteen vessels entered the harbor, and six sailed. Among these were fifteen steamers and one three-masted schooner. Sawed lumber in excess of ten million feet, and a shipload and a half of ties, the latter for a trans-continental railroad line, made up the greater part of the incoming cargoes.

What reason, therefore, is there, with the added impetus to be given shipping here with the opening of the Panama Canal, for not making an opportunity through this port for the invasion of Eastern markets, in addition to supplying our own?

ESCONDIDO'S GOOD ROADS are to be further improved by the systematic planting of five miles of shade trees, and the Chamber of Commerce has appointed a committee to accomplish the work.

A similar plan is being considered by the Good Roads Association of the State, and it is encouraging to see local committees taking such decisive action. The asset California possesses in her Good Roads (we cannot refrain from the use of caps when we talk of them) is incalculable, and we are strongly to the fore in any plan for their improvement and extension.

THE WALNUT CITY has reason to be proud of its *nom de plume*. There was shipped from Santa Ana last year, says its Chamber of Commerce, 3163 tons of walnuts, which gave to the producers an income which approximated one million dollars, and daily the acreage planted to walnuts in this vicinity is being increased.

More walnuts are shipped from Santa Ana than from any other point in the United States.

THE PRODUCTION OF PETROLEUM annually in the United States is valued at \$248,000,000, which is more than three-fifths of the world's total production.

There are two reasons, therefore, why California leads the world as a field for its future fuel supply. Primarily it produces a greater part of the present output of the United States than any other state; further, for the reason that it is so geographically situated with respect to the oil fields and the base of supply for the consumer, viz., its Pacific Coast ports.

A current issue of a Los Angeles daily paper tells us a British oil syndicate, which has already made itself felt as a power in the oil-producing industry, is contemplating the establishment of a fuel station for its tank steamers at Port Los Angeles; and we have with us, as this is written, Dr. Irving C. Allen, petroleum chemist of the United States Bureau of Mines, who is here in connection with a proposed extensive exhibit on behalf of the oil-producing industries at the Panama-Pacific Fair, who states that not only is Secretary Daniels vitally interested in the adoption of petroleum as fuel for the Navy, but that the navies of the entire world are seeking an adequate supply of crude oil for fuel.

Castle Canyon Park, offering mountain homes with city advantages and country life within thirty minutes of city's center. Private homes with hotel service and Country Club conveniences. No other property like it anywhere. Indorsed by Los Angeles' leading citizens. Chas. S. Mann, 321 Wright & Callender Bldg., Los Angeles.

### VIEWS OF WM. GARLAND

The Panama Canal is very problematical. It will take some of the railroad business and will give us little in return. The railroad companies are employing our people and taking our supplies and helping to pay taxes, where ocean companies will do nothing. The possibilities for the future are excellent. The growth will continue rapidly and will keep abreast with the city, commercially. Manufacturing interests are bound to increase with other interests.

There can be no picture too illustrious when we consider the future of Los Angeles. As a garden city it has every opportunity. Italy, or southern France, cannot offer such splendor and beauty as will be seen in the future Los Angeles, with our foothills, which no other country has. Nature's glorious out-of-doors life in Southern California is bound to color your thoughts, and will mould its population intellectually.

G. A. HOWARD, Architect.

Los Angeles will make greater strides in the next ten years than in the past ten years. The possibilities of this city are absolutely unlimited. The reason that New York is on the other side of the map is because that it was first discovered on the other side of the continent.

A. F. MORLAN,  
Manager of the Title Guarantee & Trust Co.

El Segundo today offers probably the best and safest real estate and business opportunities of any city on the Pacific Coast.

It is old enough to be an assured fact.

It is young enough to give all those wonderful possibilities for real estate investment that surround a fast-growing community.

But it is in a class by itself, for it not only contains the usual real estate investment possibilities, but these are backed and multiplied by the sagacity of Standard Oil and Standard Oil millions.

Still open for purchase and at extremely low prices, are business and residence lots in the very heart of El Segundo activity.

There are quarter-acre, half-acre and three-quarter-acre sites, all veritable bargains right now at present prices.

These, a little later, will be capable themselves of subdivision on a small scale, and half of any one of the quarter-acre sites will very soon more than pay for the full purchase. Any one or two 40-foot front lots in a half-acre site should pay for the entire purchase and the same condition will exist in the purchase of larger areas.

J. D. D. GLADDING,  
of El Segundo Land & Improvement Co.,  
609 S. Hill St., Los Angeles.

**P.H. ALBRIGHT**  
GENL AND CIVIL  
ENGINEERING-STREET  
AND RAIL ROAD WORK  
334-CONSOLIDATED  
REALTY BLDG



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ING ALONG  
HONEST  
LINES  
WILL MAKE  
A MILLION  
POPULATION  
IN 1920  
A SURETY

**Sol Davis Believes in  
Working Together**  
THE MAN WHO STARTED COM-  
MONWEALTH HOMEBUILDERS



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GREATEST REALTY  
DEALERS, AND ONE OF  
THE MEN WHO'S SHOULDER  
IS ALWAYS AT THE WHEEL,  
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BUILDING - REAL  
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EXCHANGES HIS  
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**FRANK B. LONG**, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Melodigrand sounding board has already secured its place in the music industry, and the United States patents are controlled exclusively by Henry & S. G. Lindeman, the eminent piano manufacturers of New York.

The cushion flange action I have had on the market for seven years, and never during that time have I had to tighten a single flange, and never has the piano action rattled. The cushion flange action actually prevents rattling and loosening of flanges, and the woody reverberation in playing which is very disagreeable as the piano ages. To incorporate the cushion flange action in your line will cost you just \$1.50 per piano, and will add at least 100% to the durability of the piano action.

If you would like further information in regard to this piano improvement, I will be pleased to furnish you the same.

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THE FIGHT  
IS ON!  
Now LETS  
BOOST FOR  
So CALIFORNIA.**



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THE WORLD'S GREATEST  
FIGHT PROMOTER, WHO HAS  
MADE MORE CHAMPIONS, AND  
GIVEN MORE CHAMPIONSHIP  
BELTS THAN ANY OTHER MAN  
IN THE WORLD, IS ONE OF OUR BEST  
BOOSTERS FOR So. CALIFORNIA.

# Under *the* Study Lamp

By the Editor



Unless otherwise initialed, all Reviews in *Out West* are written by the Editor.

War, war, awful war! Whatever standpoint it is viewed from no words can depict its horrors and terrors, but I do not recall any book which so forcefully and graphically shows how war separates loving hearts by bringing into play the worst features of what we call "loyalty" and "patriotism," as does *The Frontiers of the Heart*. A well-known French writer, Victor Margueritte, works out this novel theme: Given a sensitive French girl in love with a strong-minded German physician, and let them marry first before the Franco-Prussian War—what will be the outcome? One by one the frontiers of the heart are stormed and carried by the fierce passions of so-called patriotism. The God—Unser Gott—of the conquering Germans, cannot possibly be the same God as He to whom the defeated Frenchmen have been crying for victory. Loving each other with beautiful devotion at first, the young couple, even though a darling son is born to them, rapidly drift apart, and the story of how war thus separates them is told with masterly skill and dramatic power. I would that such books might be multiplied tenfold that the hearts of all men and women, and especially the young, might be led to see war as it really is—the foe of all the good that is in mankind. The sweetly domestic scenes of the book are equally graphic and appealing as are the painfully cruel ones which came later when husband and wife discover that they are forever separated by the frightful blows the war has struck their once-devoted love. *The Frontiers of the Heart*, by Victor Margueritte, 345 pages, \$1.25 net, Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

*The Spirit of American Literature* is well exemplified in the following words on Whitman from John Albert Macy's book of this title: "It would be profitable for those interested in Whitman, but still perplexed by questions of form (irrelevancies with which earnest readers of literature are needlessly filled up, to the clotting and clogging of their native senses), to compare Whitman's own prose with his poetry and thus understand their essentials difference."

There you have it in the parenthetical remark—irrelevancies—clotting and clogging the native senses—needlessly. True American criticism accepts Browning, regardless of his violations of canon, Whitman and Crosby and all others—*provided they are poets*. And none can deny the poetic power to these men who are too big to be confined in the measures, the pint, quart, gallon, million-gallon measures—of others. As free and boundless as the ocean, the air, the sunshine. All form and no form are allowable, provided the "stuff," the real thing, is there.

Mr. Macy writes well and altogether informally and individualistically of American literature. His book is spicy and fresh—air-y. It isn't a rehash of old and moss-covered opinions that nobody accepts. It is a book to quarrel with, to enjoy, to accept, to reject—a book that stimulates, excites, arouses thought and thus leads to personal mental results. 'Tis a good book. *The Spirit of American Literature*, by J. A. Macy, 345 pages, \$1.50 net. Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, New York.

A good title is a great help to a good book, and such a help is accorded An American Girl's book, *Naples, the City of Sweet Do-Nothing*. The letters are spontaneous, genuine, fascinating, bubbling over with the joy of life as a mocking bird's song. They should be especially interesting to Californians as the places and scenes they describe are so like our own fair country. The pictures of the life of the people, their social customs, the old houses, the fetes and fiestas, the boating, the worship, the markets, the pleasures are intimate, charming and very informing. In the most chatty, vivacious and girlish manner, without a trace of egotism, self-consciousness or American provincialism the author rolls up the curtain and lets us see what her own charming good nature, fascination, and genuine goodness won from the gay Neapolitans. Every page is delightful and refreshing in its genuineness, and as the American girl uses all the proceeds of the book to aid her in her own charity work, *Out West* bespeaks a large sale for it. *Naples, the City of Sweet-Do-Nothing*, by An American Girl, 320 pages, \$1.25 net, postage 10 cents extra, Alice Harriman Company, New York, or of *Out West Magazine*, 546 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, California.

According to Professor W. B. Herms, of the State University of California, "the one glaring defect of this splendid State" is malaria. It certainly is a great defect, and in several parts of the State there is no denying that it exists. But "the infested area is limited to a comparatively few counties, and the problem is shown to be a controllable one, as demonstrated by several successful anti-malaria campaigns." Dr. Herms urges that a scientific and systematic crusade be instituted against the chief cause of malaria—the *Anopheles* mosquito—and thus free the State from the pest. Why should it not be done? This book is the first successful attempt to cover the subject with any adequate degree of fullness. It is intelligible and convincing, written in a clear and direct style and gives full and accurate information on all the points upon which the layman needs to be instructed. We trust the book will find a large sale throughout the State, especially where malaria abounds. *Malaria, Cause and Control*, by William B. Herms, officer in charge of malaria investigations for the California State Board of Health, 163 pages, illustrated, \$1.50 net, The Macmillan Company, New York.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Bunker Bean thought he was a nobody. He lived his belief until there stirred within him a contrary idea. This came from the shrewd statement of a friendly clairvoyant that he was the great Emperor Napoleon reincarnated. Prior to that he had been a poet and an Egyptian king. Awakened by this strange and (to most people) foolish conception, Bunker begins to "play the king." From being the mere stenographer and typewriter of one of the Wall Street magnates, he becomes the husband of the latter's daughter, a King of Finance and the real man he had always wanted to be. The story is told with inimitable humor and one laughs until he cries as Bunker's funny experiences are related. This is essentially a book for the relaxation of the beach, the springs, the restful lake, forest or mountain resort. *Bunker Bean*, by Harry Leon Wilson, 307 pages, with eight illustrations by F. R. Gruger, \$1.25 net, Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, New York.

*Lame and Lovely* is Frank Crane's definition of human nature. Seeing its beauty, he also sees its foibles and errors and in a frank, honest, manly way seeks to bring men to a higher plane of thinking, of conduct, of aspiration. The forty-six chapters of the book are independent essays, but all dealing with the uplift of life in a humane, sensible, optimistic fashion. The philosophy generally is sane and sound, the theology a negligible quantity, the suggestions and hints timely, practicable, workable and real. Get the book. Read a chapter a day. Try to live its teachings and the world will soon know that you are a better man, a better woman. *Lame and Lovely*, by Frank Crane, \$1.00 net, by mail \$1.10, 215 pages, Forbes & Company, Chicago.

A most interesting biography, beautifully written, full of lively pictures of the times in which he was so important a figure is Professor Sears's story of John Hancock. Everyone is familiar with the writing of the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, but few know much about the man. This volume admirably supplies this need and shows the great place Hancock held in early American history. *John Hancock, the Picturesque Patriot*, by Lorenzo Sears, author of *American Literature*, etc., with photogravure frontispiece, 351 pages, \$1.50 net, Little, Brown & Company, Boston, Mass.

For a wild, swashbuckling, improbable, blood-thirsty, penny-dreadful, yellow-backed yarn commend me to *The Devil's Admiral*. It is the story of a war-correspondent who ignorantly carries a message to a bank in Manila to ship a vast amount of Russian gold to Hong Kong. A devilish pirate learns of the shipment, and the innocent correspondent and this man and his bloody band find themselves on the same ship—the *Kut Sang*—bound for Hong Kong. Murders, piracy, the scuttling of the ship, making off with the gold, more murders, and the final triumph of the good captain and the innocent newspaperman make up the rest of the story. It is a yellow journal piece of fiction run mad. *The Devil's Admiral*, by Frederick Ferdinand Moore, 295 pages, 4 colored illustrations by Fisher, \$1.25 net, Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, N. Y.

The most useful, carefully prepared, authoritative and comprehensive manual on its subject, which should be in the hands of every writer who sends manuscripts to editors, publishers, or printers, is that prepared by Frank H. Vitsetelly, managing editor of the Standard Dictionary. *The Preparation of Manuscripts for the Printer*, containing Directions to Authors as to the Manner of Preparing Copy and Correcting Proofs, with Suggestions on the Submitting of Manuscripts for Publication, 148 pages, 75 cents net, Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. To be had from *Out West* office.

Human and humane, simple, homely, striking and personal are words that truthfully characterize Burdette's philosophy and humor. His new book opens up with his oldest lecture, "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache," and there are other old favorites as well as some new sermons, lectures, or exhortations, that will become favorites. Long may our genial philosopher live to charm and delight with his merry quips and quirks, and to suggest to us, as he invariably does, "the better way" of life. *Old Time and Young Tom*, by Robert J. Burdette, 325 pages, \$1.25 net, Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Brightly and vivaciously, wittily and humorously Maria Thompson Daviess tells the story of the love affairs of Phoebe and David, Caroline and Andrew. The aroma of the Old South lingers through the pages and the characters are drawn with the deft touch of one who knows and loves those she describes. Andrew's father, a bold-hearted, fine-spirited Confederate officer, who had been a leader in Southern affairs after the war, but was, unfortunately, an inveterate gambler, had staked all he had on a few throws of the dice, in challenge of a Northern carpetbagger whom he despised—and lost. He had then gone out and blown out his brains. The carpetbagger's daughter, inheriting her father's millions, came back South with a sweet, innocent and childlike desire for restitution, won all hearts, and as Fate generally arranges such things, made a full capture of the affections of Andrew. At first it seemed impossible that he could take this daughter of the man who had practically killed his father to be his bride, but love had its way and the story ends happily. *Andrew the Glad*, by Maria Thompson Daviess, 357 pages, with illustrations by R. M. Crosby, the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

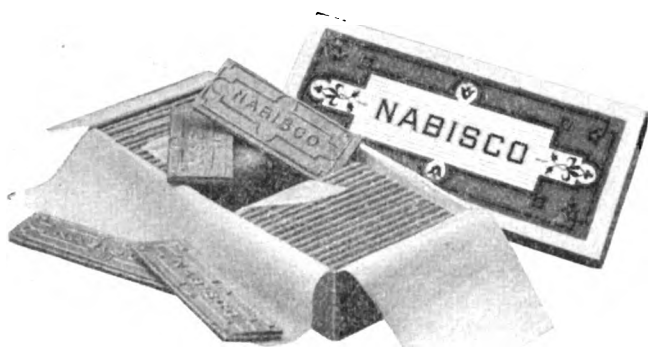
To those desiring to begin the study of Browning I can thoroughly commend *Introduction to Browning*, by Ella B. Hallock. The poems selected are of the poet's simplest, and the method of analysis is useful and helpful. 131 pages, 75 cents net, The Macmillan Company, New York.

There are many busy architects, engineers and builders who are a little weak on dimensioning the stresses on roof trusses and connecting them properly at the apexes. To meet this serious and practical difficulty without too much theorizing and general advice has been the aim of Professor N. Clifford Ricker, of the chair of Architecture in the University of Illinois, in his *Design and Construction of Roofs*. In twenty-five successive chapters the various stages are carefully and thoroughly explained, for wooden and steel roofs, together with practical hints and carefully computed tables for weights, snow and wind pressures upon walls. About 100 typical roof trusses likely to occur are shown from American, English, French and German technical works. The style of the author is clear, terse and forceful. He goes directly to the point with mathematical-like precision and gives the necessary information in the most comprehensible terms. The book, as a whole, is the most extensively useful that I have ever seen, and architects, engineers and careful builders will be most grateful to the author. *Designs and Construction of Roofs*, by Professor N. Clifford Ricker, 432 pages, with 644 illustrative diagrams, cloth \$5.00 net, John Wiley & Sons, New York.

I think it is easy to understand why the English have so enthused over A. S. M. Hutchinson's new novel, *The Happy Warrior*. It fully and finely depicts that quality of physical and spiritual bravery that has always appealed to the higher and better instincts of the decent Britisher, and also it is full of the lure of the out-of-doors, which, while he seldom yields to it, yet lingers in his blood from the days when his ancestors were nomad savages. A book like this constantly speaks to me of the wonderful power of men. The day of great novelists past? What nonsense! This is a great novel, and it possesses qualities that make its author great. In some respects it has the virile and primitive elements that are the chief bulwarks of Kipling's and Jack London's power. But here are an added tenderness and understanding of the woman's heart that neither Kipling nor London seemed to possess. The story of the fight ranks with those of Oliphant in "Bob, Son of Battle," and London in "The Call of the Wild." And the putting of the story into the mouth of one of the onlookers was a piece of skillful artistry. The play of passions and the philosophy of life are wonderfully and dramatically set forth and the plot shows the author gifted with a vivid and realistic imagination. A hot-blooded and self-willed young noble, a secret marriage, his death by a chance shot in India, the new lord in possession, the secret wife going to the new "lady" to tell who she was, to be cast out as a black-mailer, the shock to a refined and delicate nature bringing on a premature birth, the death of the mother, the child's aunt plotting a vengeance that should wait until the babe was of age and then claim his own. These are the elements of the story. Dramatic and impelling. The development of the character of the lad and his final refusal to lend himself to his aunt's fierce scheme of revenge is the story. The boy wins his way steadily into all hearts, even as do the gipsies—father and daughter. A great book, a good book, a helpful book, and one that growing lads as well as grown men and women will do well to read. *The Happy Warrior*, by A. S. M. Hutchinson, 448 pages, \$1.35 net, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

It is interesting, now that Woodrow Wilson occupies the presidential chair, to read his views and judgments on Congressional government, written in 1883 and 1884, and revised after seeing a French translation of it in 1900. In his chapter on The Executive he says: "It is at once curious and instructive to note how we have been forced into practically amending the Constitution without constitutionally amending it. . . . It would seem that no impulse short of the impulse of self-preservation, no force less than the force of revolution, can nowadays be expected to move the ambiguous machinery of formal amendment erected in Article Five. . . . The greater consequence is that we have resorted, almost unconscious of the political significance of what we did, to extra-constitutional means of modifying the federal system where it has proved to be too refined by balance of divided authority to suit practical uses—to be out of square with the main principle of its foundation, namely, government by the people through their representatives in Congress."





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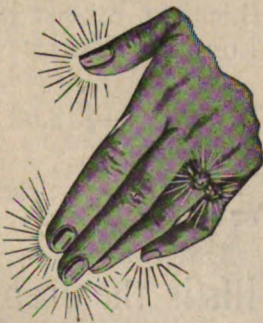
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